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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Since the entry of Lord Roberts into Bloemfontein there has been little of a dramatic character to record in the events of the war. We shall apparently have to wait for further developments until the combined forces of Generals Gatacre, Clements, and Brabant, having finally departed from the scenes where they have experienced so many vicissitudes of success and failure, have established themselves, as they are doing, on Free State territory, and are able to proceed north. On all parts of the southern frontier effective resistance has completely collapsed and from all sides the Free Staters have been hurrying in great numbers to surrender. A brigade of Guards under General Pole-Carew was sent to join hands with Generals Gatacre and Clements, and returned to Bloemfontein which is now in rail communication with Cape Town. We may hope that in a few days at the most we shall hear of the relief of Mafeking. Colonel Plumer according to accounts on the 12th of the month had pushed forward his outposts to within fourteen miles of the town; and in a message from Mafeking of the 10th it was stated that the firing from the siege guns had slackened and that the enemy were reported as about to raise the siege. Also from the south the Kimberley column has been pushing on and at Fourteen Streams north of the Vaal River, but still a considerable distance from Mafeking, encountered and drove back a Boer force.

The dishonest army contractor is an unlovely specimen of our race, but he is no worse than, if as bad as, the armament ammunition makers who supplied the Boer Governments with guns and cartridges in the summer of last year, when war with their own country was more than a probability. Mr. James Lowther would add to his public services if he would direct his attention to this point, and ascertain whether it is or is not the fact that a well-known Birmingham company consigned ammunition to Pretoria about the month of July 1899. Against these ugly instances of unpatriotic greed it is pleasing to set the following anecdote, which is true. Two ladies wished to give Lord Kitchener a present, and ordered a silver-handled riding-whip with the inscription "K. Pretoria, 1900." The tradesman sent word to say that he absolutely declined to make anything for President Kruger!

As the time draws near for the march on Pretoria, so that the mysterious act of Mr. Kruger which is to "stagger humanity" becomes due, it is amusing to observe how rapidly the friendship of certain people for the Boers is cooling down. The idea has got abroad that the act of staggering humanity is to be something involving the loss of a great deal of American, German, and French property and the prospect is far from agreeable. Hounding on the Boers to resistance to the death is ceasing to be the pastime of the world's press, and it is beginning to implore Mr. Kruger to be civilised. In France they are reminding him that they shot the Communists; and they hint pretty strongly that the English might imitate France—the impeccable France who can do no wrong. The German ambassador at Washington has hurried to a conference with Mr. Hay both being frightened at Mr. Montagu White's remarks about the destruction of Johannesburg; and it is said that some representation may be made by Germany to both belligerents as to guaranteeing Johannesburg's immunity from damage on condition that it is not used by either as a war base. But according to the "Standard" the fright is about nothing, as all Mr. Kruger means is that the Boers intend to defend the Biggarsberg to the death against Sir Redvers Buller.

The punishment of the Cape Colony rebels is surrounded with considerable difficulty, though very naturally loyalists in their indignation are not as capable of appreciating this as eager to see punishment inflicted. They see clearly enough that ordinary trial by jury is likely to be more or less ineffective in districts which furnished the rebels; and that trials by Colonial judges in the ordinary way will expose the Colonial judiciary to bitter hostility from partisans of the Dutch element or of the British as the case may be. It is quite plain that the judges themselves will dislike the ungracious work. Whatever odium clings to the traditions of our own Bench is associated with trials for treason. We should certainly not wish to see, as it has been proposed, English judges sent to South Africa under a Commission to try the rebels without juries, if Parliament could resolve upon such a course, which is indeed very doubtful. This method was never followed either in England, Scotland or Ireland even in the worst times of politics. The judges obtained their verdicts brutally, but they had always at least to intimidate a jury. Our judges have been leaving their work at home quite too much of late, and we trust none of them will be asked to go to the Cape on the mission proposed.

Sir Edward Grey at the City Liberal Club delivered a very invertebrate disquisition on the settlement that should be made after the war. When one has no clear opinion oneself it helps a public speech to reproach others with want of definiteness, and if it is a Liberal who happens to be speaking he will of course, as Sir E. Grey did, get in a phrase to the effect that the time would come when Liberal principles must be applied to the matter. This is a process which he describes when others adopt it as "plastering over a difficulty." As he excludes the idea of the complete independence of the Republics and thinks we have had too much of conventions, what remains but the annexation which he thinks would not take us out of our difficulties? He can only after all propose getting "careful and expert opinion—amongst others from Sir Alfred Milner, with the views of all reasonable men in Cape Colony." Is Sir E. Grey quite sure that the verdict would be against annexation in that case?

Sir William Lockhart was a good and possibly a great soldier. His experience of warfare was confined to the East but was not exclusively Indian. He represented the Indian Government with the Dutch in the Acheen war and his conduct in the jungle fighting there if reports are true far exceeded the usual duties of a mere observer. The Dutch recognised his gallantry by awarding him their medal and clasp. He was very popular with the Indian Army, who received his appointment as Commander-in-Chief with universal approval. His intimate knowledge of frontier affairs and his long experience of India made him a valuable member of the Viceroy's Council. Sir William Lockhart was not responsible for the early blemishes of the Tirah campaign, which began when he was in England. He conducted it to a successful issue, but the labour and exposure broke down his already failing health, and his death has but anticipated a premature retirement.

His death has happened at an unfortunate crisis when all our best soldiers are engaged in Africa. India is the Achilles' heel of Britain—the vulnerable spot in the land defences of the Empire. A soldier is needed who is not only a strategist but a consummate organiser; one who can in times of peace study the weak points of the frontier and utilise fully in its defences all the appliances of modern science. The lessons of the present war will show at once how defective the armaments are at many points and at the same time how hopeless will be the task of an invader who finds the frontier properly strengthened with all the resources which can be applied to military defence. A man whose name would be received with general assent as most fitted for the task cannot at this juncture be spared from Africa and there is at present no soldier in India who has displayed the necessary qualifications. A temporary appointment will probably be found most expedient.

Notwithstanding a famine unexampled in its costliness if not in its severity, the new Indian Budget displays marvellous financial strength. Much no doubt must be credited to currency reforms which have created a gold standard and have for the present stopped the long process of exhaustion due to meeting sterling obligations with an ever-depreciating silver coinage. The Viceroy may justly boast that these reforms have been effected without injuring the trade of the country or adding to its indebtedness. With this cause of weakness removed the natural resources of India have enabled her to meet extraordinary charges without fresh taxation. Briefly stated the famine has cost in the year just closing £1,187,000 in loss of land revenue and £2,055,000 in outlay on relief. But the other sources of revenue have so far improved and the expenditure under other heads has been so much restricted that the year closes with a surplus of £2,553,000 or only £69,000 below the estimate—an accuracy of calculation to which the two Finance Ministers concerned may fairly point with pride. This result has not been gained without rigid economy in all branches of the administration and more especially in the matter of railway construction.

The debate on the second reading of the Finance Bill was the most interesting that has taken place on the finance proposals of the Government. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. J. Lowther are at opposite financial poles and yet both, though again they had different ideas in their minds, deplore increased expenditure which year by year involves increased taxation. Sir William sees the cause of the increase in the growth of political ideas of which he does not approve. Mr. Lowther, not sharing Sir William's views, believes that Sir William's principles of finance are to a considerable extent a reason for the growing extravagance. Captain Pretymann put the matter boldly when he said that perhaps the very ease with which taxation under the present methods is borne accounts in some degree for the rapid increase of expenditure. That is what Mr. Gibson Bowles tries in vain to make the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer see in his amusing attacks upon Sir William's fondness for dead millionaires whom he says "you must not look in the mouth." He was also good on the Death Duties Act which he admitted must now be taken as canonised but only on the condition that it was known as "The Impenitent Thief."

Mr. Lowther was also enforcing Captain Pretymann's aphorism, when he stated that he had no objection to the increased tax on tea because there had been a tendency to increased expenditure owing to the great mass of taxation falling on a comparatively small number of people. While we do not quite follow Mr. Lowther's argument that his 5s. duty on corn would be in the direction of checking extravagance, seeing that his contention is that the burden of it would be so light that it would not be felt, we agree that in this or similar directions we may look for an equitable mode of providing the money for old-age pensions. Where Mr. Lowther makes a mistake is in supposing this would not be Socialism, while the other would be because it would be unjust! That is a very naïve view to take of Socialism. Mr. Lowther is himself a Socialist so far at least as old-age pensions go; and he has really grasped the right idea that of what the State undertakes the citizens should bear the burden in equitable proportion. We are glad to have his prophecy that in the near future some Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he likes it or not will have to face this question. Will it be Sir William Harcourt?

We believe Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's joke about the highest and holiest feelings of woman's nature being the desire to possess diamonds and the love of smuggling has been made before. The laugh is intended to be at the expense of the diamond, pearls, feathers, and lace order of taxationists. But the question of a commercial Imperial union founded on preferential trading is at least a great one. The first movement for Imperial federation began in tentative strivings after a commercial union, and such union is an essential basis of federation. The commercial terms on which States federate are always as important as the political; and terms will have to be settled between the commercial system of England and that of the colonies before much further progress towards federation can be made. In carrying out the union between England and Scotland, and between England and Ireland, the commercial terms were of the first importance and were exceedingly difficult to arrange. In the wider union of Great Britain and the Colonies similar difficulties will have to be met; but for the present, in the Budget and in the speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, nothing has been done or said to clear the way, and difficulties have been evaded.

Whatever conclusion (if any) may be drawn from the debate on the Financial Relations of England and Ireland one thing is clear; the Irishmen have a grievance they would not willingly let die; it serves too well their Home Rule agitation. A grievance that one can make intelligible is only half a grievance; one must be able to mystify people about it to be thoroughly effective. The whole thing apparently may be put this way. Admitting with Mr. Lecky that Ireland by her Act of Union was intended to be a separate entity for financial purposes there was a means devised for

adjusting its relations with the other entity England according to the economical circumstances of the country, and this ought to have been done at some period when it was not done. But the case for it now is not provable when Ireland has entered upon a period of prosperity. It is not capable of proof but the subject is none the less admirably adapted for a grievance.

There was never any doubt that if the principles of the Workmen's Compensation Act bore the test of experience it would be widely extended. Somewhat sooner than was expected Mr. Goulding on Wednesday secured the support of the Government for the second reading of his Extension Bill which was sent to the Grand Committee on Trade and may be therefore expected before long, probably in this session, to become law. It will hardly be possible in the Grand Committee to remedy some of the defects, which have proved the greatest blot on the Act as it exists; but it may be possible to be guided by the experience of those decisions and to avoid some of the pitfalls. A Consolidation Act will be necessary some day, but the greatest simplification will be attained when the distinctions between one trade and another can be disregarded, and the Act made general. The inclusion of agriculture is a great step: and experience has shown that insurance may be effected at such low rates in all employments that there will be no need for hesitation in making practically universal an Act which has proved so valuable.

The new Factory and Workshop Bill extends a bad system to a department of legislation from which it ought to be excluded. Lawyers have often complained of too much legislation by order being left to the Lord Chancellor in matters in which the profession take special interest, and this is precisely what the new Factory Bill is doing for industrial matters. What is a good complaint in the one case cannot be bad in the other. Much must be left to administrative order, but a clear distinction should be made between such orders and provisions of a really legislative character which ought openly and by the legislature to be laid down in an Act of Parliament. Otherwise too much power is given to officials. The clauses specially open to this objection are those relating to Laundries and Emergency Processes. As to other points we cannot see the advantage of the new proposals as to dangerous trades. They look much like the old system of arbitration, to which we have before objected, under a new name. The provisions as to out-workers too are inadequate and the Bill generally needs strengthening.

The Recorder of the City of London is paid £4,000 a year, only £1,000 less than a judge of the High Court. The inferiority of salary is more than made up for by the fact that the Recorder has no circuit to go and that he can, and almost invariably does, occupy a seat in the House of Commons. Naturally the post is much coveted, and as the appointment is in the hands of the Lord Mayor and aldermen the usual canvassing began almost before the breath was out of Sir Charles Hall's body. Is it not time we abolished the only elective judgeship in our system? We do not mean the office, but its method of election. In 1888, when the London clauses of the Local Government Act were before the House of Commons, a compromise was made by allowing the Corporation to keep the appointment to the Recordership, and giving that of the Common Serjeantcy to the Lord Chancellor. We are glad to say that the indecent efforts made by certain Whigs to oust Sir Forrest Fulton from a promotion which he was legitimately entitled to suppose would be his without question, entirely failed. The aldermen were quite unanimous in appointing the Common Serjeant, for whom we trust a safe seat in the House of Commons will be found at the General Election.

The Lord Chief Justice in a recent speech to the Nottingham Law Students' Society regretted that the scheme of law studies at the Inns of Court does not include lectures on the various legal systems of the Colonies. It is a very natural regret because Lord Russell's ideal is of a great legal school in London

which shall be the worthy centre of English law studies throughout the Empire either as a department of the new London University or as an independent institution. This ideal it is to be hoped will ere long be realised, but we might have expected Lord Russell to point out one serious defect in the system of lectureships and readerships in vogue at the Inns of Court. This is the want of practical training. A student is not sufficiently trained for practice by lectures, though a good lecture system is a necessary part of his education. There is a tendency however to rely on the merely theoretical teaching and to evade what used to be and still is necessary—practical training in chambers. Could an equivalent for this be provided for students by the Council of Legal Education through their teaching staff? The views of Lord Russell as a practical man would have been exceedingly useful on this point.

The East London Church Fund meeting held at the Mansion House on Monday last was quite successful. Most functions and most institutions, of which the Bishop of Stepney is the moving spirit, are. The power of kindness is extraordinary. Dr. Winnington Ingram will not resent our saying that it enables him to succeed where greater men would fail. Perhaps it is the Bishop's geniality that suggests his particular fund as the natural object of professional Protestant suspicions, a kind not to be confounded with the sensible Evangelical. At any rate the more bitter of the Protestant malignants do select the E.L.C.F. for special attack, and in the selection there is a grace peculiarly characteristic of the assailants. The Lord Mayor showed himself extremely competent to deal with one of these gentry who wanted to hinder proceedings by an impertinent question. We give prominence to the dislike of Mr. Kensit and his friends for the Bishop of Stepney's fund because we can think of no surer way of endearing it to the public and stimulating the inflow of subscriptions.

It is extremely to be regretted that the Bishop of Worcester should have thought fit to promulgate in his official capacity so purely partisan a pronouncement as that in which he has requested his clergy not to use one of the alternative forms of intercession authorised for use during the continuance of the war. In the first place it is a gross breach of good manners in face of the attitude of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the second place it displays a narrowness of spirit entirely unworthy of the English Bench. Merely because he himself does not want to remember his departed relatives and friends in public prayer, Dr. Perowne resents the liberty to do so being granted to those who do feel the want. It is a painful exhibition of intolerance, and in one who could be very tolerant of doctrines even sceptical of the divinity of Christ, it is worse than intolerant. The Bishop of Worcester might study with advantage the Archbishop's reply to Mr. Webb-Peploe.

Dr. Manson explained in a popular manner at the Colonial Institute last week the theories and facts relating to malaria which the recently issued report of the Commission sent by the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine to the Gold Coast treats more technically. It may be taken as proved that malaria is not due to a miasma distilled by the hot sun from swamps but to a living parasite. When a mosquito, belonging to the genus *Anopheles*, thrusts its lance into the body of a patient affected with the organism, the parasites enter the stomach of the insect and produce a numerous progeny which migrates through the tissues of their insect host until a number of them reach the venom gland. When the insect penetrates the skin of its victim it injects a small quantity of fluid from the venom gland and the parasites are introduced into the new body.

The establishment of the chain of cause and effect between mosquitos and malaria has led the various investigators to a series of useful practical conclusions. In addition to the more obvious precautions such as the use of mosquito nets the mosquitos themselves must be attacked. Their eggs are deposited only in water, and *Anopheles* does not frequent large

areas of water but the little rain-pools on low-lying ground, and in roadside ditches. Drainage is an essential matter but, failing this, much may be done by killing the larvæ. A few drops of kerosene or of olive oil with turpentine form a film on the surface of the water, which kills the larvæ by making it impossible for them to get their necessary supply of air. Other agents such as lime and tar appear to be equally useful, and the Liverpool Commission advises the deposition of such substances in all spots where it is probable that temporary rain-pools may be formed.

It is often the case that what March gives us with one hand it seems inclined to take away with the other. In the first week of this month in 1899 the almond trees were blossoming, the ringdove was uttering its intense note from plane-tree and elm and the speckled thrush was in full glorious song. But before the month was out there was an ugly reassertion of winter which froze many a sitting blackbird and thrush dead on its nest. And this year we are not yet safe, as recent bitter wind and even snow have reminded us. We shall certainly have more frost, possibly more snow. Still, who can help revelling in the melody of thrush and ringdove and fluty blackbird, now heard from every coppice and hedgerow, and accepting such good gifts as an earnest that real Spring has come? The lilac bushes in sheltered shrubberies are a maze of green, and if you look close enough you will notice that the dark twigs of lime and horse-chestnut have their white specks, for the bud must begin to grow full when the sap flies upward, though ice and snow be in store. These refreshing sights and sounds, the almond-tree in bloom and the lilac in bud and the thrush in song, are associated in men's minds with the countryside; and yet they may be enjoyed to the full a hundred yards from Charing Cross in mere S. James's Park.

The War Loan has of course been a complete success, and no dissatisfaction has been felt or expressed at the method of allotment. As we predicted, the largest applicants got least and the smallest applicants are getting the largest percentage of what they asked for. No one complains of this, but what happened in the market shows that premium-hunting is not confined to the large operators, for as the big allotments, which came first, were announced the price of "Khakis" rose steadily, but began to fall as soon as the small allotments were known. Alas for the virtue of Peckham and Islington! It would seem that there too the "stag" has his lair. One firm applied through different sources for £28,000,000, and the premium has fallen from 2½ to 2, at which it is steady.

This has been the first week for the last eight months that dealings on the Stock Exchange have not been under the feverish influence of "wars and rumours of wars." In fact the occupation of Bloemfontein has put an end to all speculation as to the ultimate issue, though the fate of the mines is still a possible "bear" point in the South African market. It is the possibility of damage to the machinery that is keeping the public out of Kaffirs, though curiously enough this uncertainty has the opposite effect upon the large holders, who are afraid that if they sell on an off-chance they may not get their shares back before the inevitable boom. In short the public doesn't buy and the holders don't sell, so the market has remained steady. The feature of the week has been the apparent beginning of a boom in American rails, such favourites as Baltimore and Ohio have risen from 66½ to 75, whilst Union Pacifics have risen from 51½ to 55½, Norfolk Common from 33½ to 38, and Northern Pacific Ordinary from 54½ to 58. Buenos Aires and Pacific Ordinary almost touched 80, a point at which they would doubtless have remained had not the biggest traffic increase of the year been published on Thursday morning. But as the return was over £13,000, showing an increase of £3,000, the price of the stock, as usually happens in these cases, fell 4 points! There has been a marked improvement in Home Rails, especially in Chathams, which have risen to 25, and Dover A's, which are 93½. There has also been a sharp rise in Consols, which during the week touched 102½, and closed yesterday 102½.

THE PRISONERS AND THE MINES.

INTEREST in the war has for the moment sensibly subsided. Not only is there a necessary suspension of military movements, but there is no longer any excitement about the issue. Lord Salisbury having explicitly announced that he will accept no intervention, the submission and annexation of the Boer states are seen by the world to be merely a question of time. Attention at present is centred upon two questions, subsidiary indeed to the main subject but of the greatest importance, the treatment of the prisoners and the possible danger to the mines on the Rand. It is understood that Mr. Kruger addressed a communication to Lord Salisbury to the effect that if British subjects who had been captured fighting for the Boers were treated as traitors, reprisals would be taken upon the British prisoners in Pretoria. To this Lord Salisbury replied that the British Government would deal with its own rebels as it pleased, but that if any harm came to the prisoners of war at Pretoria Mr. Kruger would answer for it in his own person. It is whispered that Mr. Kruger rejoined that nothing but six thousand miles prevented him from making Lord Salisbury personally responsible, a retort which is quite in keeping with the puerile insolence of all Mr. Kruger's sayings and doings. There is an obvious distinction between prisoners of war and captured rebels. The prisoner of war is a soldier taken whilst a combatant for his own country and in obedience to his own Government. The rebel is a deserter, fighting against his own country and his own Government. Sometimes it is true, when the parties are in a position to treat on something like equal terms, it is stipulated that rebels shall be amnestied. But Great Britain is not in that humiliating position, and nothing will more contribute to a final settlement of South Africa than the punishment of our disloyal colonists. There have been many cases on the frontiers at the beginning of the war where British colonists have aided and abetted the Dutch in circumstances which may be called extenuating. It must be remembered that at the outbreak of hostilities our frontiers were practically undefended, as were parts of Natal. We have no doubt that some of Her Majesty's subjects were coerced into affording aid and comfort to the enemy, and some indulgence might be shown where it could be proved that loyalty was subject to intimidation. But British subjects taken in the field and political traitors at Cape Town it would be a grave mistake to pardon. Mr. Winston Churchill tells us that the authorities at Pretoria differentiate between their prisoners in a manner that is wholly unjustifiable. While the officers and men of the regular or home army are treated with fair consideration, prisoners that are ascertained to be Transvaal Uitlanders, or colonists from the Cape or Natal, are thrust into the felons' gaol. This is mere vindictiveness, and now that we hold more prisoners than the enemy, arrangements should be at once insisted upon for the equal treatment of all prisoners of war. Such the Uitlanders undoubtedly are, though nine months ago Mr. Kruger had the chance of making them his own subjects.

We fear that the safety of the mines is of greater interest to Europe than that of the prisoners. Will the Boers wreck the mines, and if they have the wish, have they the power? This is a question on which the most enthusiastic unanimity prevails amongst the nations of Europe. The Germans and the French are quite clear on the point, and work together in the most fraternal harmony. The war is wicked: England is a bully: but the mines must be saved. It was all very well to execrate England when it looked as if the Boers were going to drive the "rooineks" into the sea. But now that the Boers are threatening in the manner of desperate men, the tramp of our troops is as welcome to the imagination of the French and German shareholders as the footstep of the policeman to the ear of the timid householder. The destruction of private property, except for the purposes of military defence, is contrary to the usages of civilised war, and is invariably held to be the subject of pecuniary compensation. This of course has been duly pointed out to Mr. Kruger, who cannot have needed the warning, for

has he not a long bill against us for damage during the Jameson Raid? But a despatch to Mr. Kruger is not enough, for he might easily incite his ignorant and exasperated burghers to acts of wanton destruction. Every burgher in the Transvaal must be clearly told in his own language that if any damage is done to the mines, he will have to pay his share of the damage by taxation. Mr. Chamberlain is about to issue a proclamation to this effect, which will, we hope, calm the apprehensions of the shareholders, and impress prudence upon the Boers. Grant that Mr. Kruger is so malicious and short-sighted as to order an attack upon the mines, the anxiety as to the injury that might be done has always seemed to us to be exaggerated. It is not so easy as people seem to think seriously to damage a developed mining property. To hear the alarmists talk, a Kaffir with a pickaxe in one hand and a parcel of dynamite in the other could destroy untold millions. This is not the opinion of the experts. Shafts that have taken many years to construct cannot be seriously damaged in a day by attempts organised or unorganised. As to machinery, any attack, to be really effective, must be well and deliberately planned, and must be executed by those who know what they are about. We rather fancy that in the immediate future the Boers will be otherwise engaged than in planning and carrying out wanton mischief. If an organised attempt were made, we do not say that a few million pounds' worth of damage might not be done. But we do say that in proportion to the capital value of the properties on the Rand any immediate damage that could be done would be a mere flea-bite. More serious would be the injury consequent on a delay involving the suspension of mining operations for some two or three years; for it would take fully that time to replace the machinery destroyed. The shareholders would in that way lose heavily; still more so the miners and their families, including some ten thousand refugees, dependent on the working of the mines for their daily living. Thus the compensation that Mr. Kruger personally would have to pay would be anything but a flea-bite. Mr. Kruger may have realised all his interests in the land of the Transvaal, though it is stated that this is not the case. Anyway he has not yet made certain of his retreat, and if he falls into our hands, his treatment, as he must occasionally reflect, will entirely depend on how far he respects the custom and practice of civilised warfare.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

LORD ROBERTS continues to be master of the situation in South Africa; and with him now lies the choice of action. Every day it becomes more apparent that the boasted mobility of the Boers was an exaggerated quantity, and that it partook all along merely of a tactical and never of a strategical nature. The discipline, transport, and training which are the very necessities of life to a regular army are wholly wanting in the Boer forces. Evidence is not wanting that the campaign in the Free State is virtually at an end. Otherwise it is difficult to understand why three bridges on the road to Kroonstad were blown up by the Boers. Probably some two months must elapse before Pretoria can be reached; and there a lengthy siege is anticipated. At present Lord Roberts seems to be mainly occupied in restoring peace to the Free State. Some time indeed, due to this and other causes—notably the need of providing remounts for the cavalry and artillery—is likely to elapse before any serious movement can take place. One circumstance regarding the war should afford gratification. At its close we shall possess a more experienced staff of generals than any other Power. Moreover in Lord Roberts himself we shall be able to claim the leading European General.

During the past week the actual details of the campaign have been less important than the larger issues which have been raised by Lord Roberts' strategy. In Natal a discreet veil still covers the scope of Sir Redvers Buller's operations. But the necessity for a pause is obvious. Great efforts are apparently being made to

repair the railway line in the neighbourhood of Ladysmith, and soon we may expect it to be in working order. The enemy are occupying the Biggarsberg and Drakensberg Passes, where they are being closely watched by our advanced troops. Meanwhile the troops which till recently formed the garrison of Ladysmith have been sent to the South to recruit their strength, and Sir George White is coming to England. Sir Charles Warren's division has once more been sent northwards. The Boers are stated to have three guns posted at Van Reenen's Pass, and Lord Dundonald's cavalry has reconnoitred the country up to De Beer's Pass. The British advanced post is said to be two miles north of the battlefield of Elands-laagte. The main interest, however—as has been the case for the last month—has been centred in Lord Roberts' operations. In these may now be included as an integral part the minor operations conducted by Generals Gatacre and Clements. On the 15th the latter crossed the Orange River, and at once began to repair the railway bridge at Norval's Pont. Shortly it will be ready for ordinary traffic. But in the meantime passengers and stores will cross by pontoons. His brigade is marching on Philippolis and Fauresmith. The proclamation issued by Lord Roberts to the Free State burghers has borne excellent fruit, and several hundred men have in consequence intimated their desire to return to their farms. Many more are only waiting to know the terms of surrender to do likewise. On the other hand Mr. Steyn has circulated a notice that any burgher who takes advantage of Lord Roberts' proclamation will be treated as a traitor and shot accordingly. The Guards brigade, which had been sent southwards, proceeded as far as Springfontein, which was occupied without opposition forty minutes before the arrival of General Gatacre's scouts. A detachment thence now occupies Smithfield. The force appears to have been well received in the district, and supplies were willingly produced for its benefit. On the 17th the brigade returned to Bloemfontein from Norval's Pont. Several burghers at Edenburg and other places laid down their arms to General Pole-Carew. The Scots Guards remain at Edenburg and Reddersburg. Other brigades have gone northwards and eastwards to reassure the inhabitants and distribute Lord Roberts' proclamation. On the 20th the War Office received a telegram from Lord Roberts stating that Prieska had been occupied by Lord Kitchener without opposition. While the rebels laid down their arms the Transvaalers escaped across the river. In the West Lord Methuen has reached Warrenton—happily in time to prevent the complete destruction of the bridge—and secured the point over the Vaal River. Mafeking has not yet been relieved and Colonel Plumer appears to have had hard fighting in his efforts to reach it.

Lord Roberts' telegram to the Boer Presidents has produced an impudent *tu quoque* and a denial of the treachery which the English General himself witnessed. On our side the campaign has been conducted throughout with a chivalrous generosity which in some cases may even have been carried too far. The fault however—if fault there be—is on the right side. The absence of any display of vindictive feeling on the British part should go far, after the war is over, to bring matters to a satisfactory conclusion.

NEARING FEDERATION.

TWELVE years ago Lord Rosebery in a characteristic outburst of patriotic fervour gave voice to a great sentiment which he himself has done too little to translate into serious fact. "Imperial Federation," he said, "is a cause for which we may be content to live: it is a cause for which if need be we may be content to die." Whatever Lord Rosebery's own attitude may have been since, there can be no question after recent events that the phrase embodied a truth which is a vital force in the Colonies to-day. To demonstrate the unity of an unfederated Empire the Colonies have made willing sacrifice in South Africa. They proffered

their sons in the hour when it was believed that the task in hand would be a comparatively easy one; they proffered more when the fortunes of war were not on the side of the Imperial forces and when Englishmen were beginning to entertain doubts they hardly dared to utter; and now from West and South, when other nations bear themselves with unfriendly mien, the Colonies proclaim their readiness to put as many men into the field as Imperial necessity may demand. New Zealand, through the mouths of her Governor and her Premier, informs the whole world that she will support the motherland to the last in resisting interference. So far as sentiment goes the federation of the Empire is complete; but something more than sentiment is required. Imperial federation has been on the lips of statesmen for a quarter of a century; it has passed through stages of doubt and ridicule; but it has moved irresistibly, if slowly. If the unity of the British Empire is not cemented within the walls of the Presidency at Pretoria as surely as the unity of the German Empire was cemented in the Palace of Versailles the fault will not lie with the Colonies.

"Call us to your councils" said Sir Wilfrid Laurier last week speaking for Canada. Australasia in her enthusiasm has not waited for the invitation. From Melbourne and from Wellington come messages which bear but one interpretation. We endorse, they say in effect, Lord Salisbury's declaration concerning the future of the Boer republics. We unite with our fellow-subjects in Cape Colony in demanding that there shall be no going back from the Imperial refusal to permit anything in the nature of Boer independence. Australasia has not shed her blood for negative purposes! If any foreigner chooses to take sides with the Boers, there are 370,000 good men and true in the Australasian Colonies alone prepared to stand shoulder to shoulder with the Mother Country in assuring British supremacy. As though to encourage the Colonies in this attitude, simultaneously with this pronouncement it is made known that a large number of commissions in the Imperial Army are to be placed at the disposal of colonists. Well may Mr. John Redmond, for reasons of his own but not with the less insight on that account, inform his friends in the United States that the great question of the immediate future is likely to be Imperial Federation. "It has," he says, "been brought within the region of practical politics by the war in South Africa and by the action of the Colonies." The time cannot be far distant when the great constitutional problem will have to be faced in something more than an academic spirit. The assistance rendered by the Colonies in the present crisis has opened up questions which cannot wait indefinitely for answer.

Colonial attachment to the Empire is no new fact. In the middle of the century the Liberals did all in their power to promote the cause known as "cutting the painters." They may deny it as strenuously as they please: they cannot escape evidence which exists in abundance. Separation was frustrated by the refusal of the Colonies to be cast adrift. Lord Beaconsfield's memorable declaration to that effect disquiets the retrospect of Radical Imperialists like Lord Carrington to-day. Survivors of the Manchester School are few but they are not less stubborn than their economic forebears. "Damnante quod non intelligunt." These the Colonies may not hope to educate but to the great bulk of the British people they will not appeal in vain. Statesmen who demanded that any step towards federation should come from the circumference to the centre have now to show their willingness to meet the Colonies at least half way. If the Colonies are not ready to take some more prominent part in Imperial matters than they have taken hitherto, the signs of the times must be wholly misleading. A cut-and-dried scheme cannot be drawn up and put in force at once, but a beginning should be made of which the full fruition can hardly be doubtful. Federation is the biggest problem which the British race has ever had to face: but it is no longer complicated by uncertainties as to the wishes of the Colonies. They do not shirk the dangers devolving on them as units of the Empire; and they make little

attempt to disguise their feeling that the time has arrived when that fact should be recognised in some tangible form. It is highly inconvenient that loyalty such as theirs should give a moral right to insist on views which are nevertheless irresponsible and unconstitutional. As extra-Imperial councillors they may easily become an embarrassment. Statesmanship should not find the task of regularising their position impossible. Another and a larger Imperial Conference should be the first outcome of the war; and if the unique character of the problem to be faced oppresses the constitutional mind, the unique character of the Empire itself should inspire courage. Imperial Federation, whether it becomes a concrete fact, as it must become, immediately or in the near future, will be the best monument to Colonial devotion in the present crisis.

THE SCHOOL BOARD BUGBEAR.

THE journalist would seldom write of education and never of the London School Board. Education makes bad "copy" and the School Board for London worse; for very few take any interest in the former and practically no one in the latter. And indeed it must be confessed that the School Board for London is not an interesting body. It is really a paradox that public work the most interesting since it is the most human should not attract a more interesting body of men than the members of the School Board taken en bloc. Let anyone attend one of their debates and he will inevitably come away with the impression that he has been listening to the dulllest set of triflers he has ever come across in his life. Judging by what he hears, he will conclude that these gentlemen can see nothing in the high charge committed to them but mere mechanical technicalities and party, often personal, recrimination. And this is true of the Board even now, relieved though it is of the presence of Mr. Diggle! We are not libelling the Board; we are repeating the testimony of every section of its own members. There is something really piquant in the unanimity with which the members of the Board as individuals testify against themselves as a body. Progressive, Diggleite, Teachers' representative, Churchman, all agree in pouring the bitterest contempt upon the Board whereof they are part. And this constitutes the one hope for the London School Board; they know themselves. We do not often ask our readers to trouble themselves about the petty band that week by week occupies the house on the Embankment. We should be glad to pass it over altogether, as we faithfully should do, were it not that the Board's proceedings do sometimes, if seldom, have relation to the education of London children, a matter whose human and national interest we can put second to none. It is very hard on board schools that they are associated with school boards; hard on children and teachers alike. Stupid people rail against board schools, confounding them in one common condemnation with school boards; and thus intelligent critics of school board ways come to be credited with this vulgar prejudice against everything connected with a board school. As a fact anything more different than the atmosphere of the school and that of the Board can hardly be imagined.

But this week the Board gave signs which must not be overlooked. In the Sunday school debate the Progressives brought up the religious question; obviously a move in view of the next election. That triennial function gives at least a chance of getting a better board than the one before, while there can seldom be any fear of getting a worse. It is therefore reasonable to pay more attention to the election of a school board than to its proceedings.

What is really wanted on the London Board is better men. That is an even more pressing necessity than the settlement of the religious difficulty, a difficulty which has derived its intensity in the past largely from the calibre of the men that have handled it. Indeed, it would have been settled long since on the only lines on which a final settlement is possible but for the cowardice of the Government, the cowardice of Conservatives, and the cowardice of the clergy. But the need of better

men would still remain. It is idle to look for light on education from uneducated men. Many of the members of the Board are not educated men, or perhaps it would be better to say, some of them are. How many School Board members are there whose name carries with it the smallest significance? How many, to use a colloquial expression, "count"? The names of Sir Charles Elliott and Mr. Lyulph Stanley of course rise to the lips at once; and to these may be added two and perhaps three more. But it would be difficult to extend the list. We have no reluctance in speaking thus frankly, for we know very well that every school board member will think that we are not referring to him, while he will derive considerable pleasure from applying our criticism to his colleagues. We have learnt from conversation with members of the Board that nothing can exceed in bitterness the contempt in which each holds his brothers. One and all they want a leader whom they can recognise as their superior, and such, it must be confessed, it should not be very difficult to find. The Progressives, it is true, have in Mr. Lyulph Stanley a man of undoubted ability, knowledge, and experience, and we should be very sorry to lose Mr. Stanley from the Board; but we do not want him to lead it. In education he is a machinist. Given a sufficient increase in school-places, scholars, and "passes," and to Mr. Stanley's party educational advance is proved. To our mind this is a short-sighted and unintellectual view. At the same time it is not easy to find anyone on the Board who would make a better leader. On one point there will be general agreement. Mr. Diggle must not come back. His return would mean the recrudescence of every kind of party and sectional animosity; friction caused by endless finicking with trifles, to the neglect of work; heat generated by casuistry covering the surrender of principles; opportunism pure and simple. We distrust Mr. Diggle's methods of controversy. We do not trust him as Churchmen. For the right man the Board will have to look further afield. Cannot the House of Commons spare some man of ability, bearing a name of weight in politics and in the Church, if possible a somewhat young man, to take up this derelict School Board? Its reform is a great work, for little regarded as the Board is and small though the members are, its trust, the children of London, is not small.

THE INEVITABILITY OF WAR.

HEGEL once remarked that the English kept the title of philosopher for people who in other countries would be ranked as skilled mechanics. From this particular reproach we may have freed ourselves; but the national failing on which Hegel laid his finger is quite as strong to-day as it was a century ago. It is nowhere more conspicuous than among our politicians. They are suffering from an excessive reaction against theories and general principles. There was a time when they submitted with equanimity and even with enthusiasm to the mandates of the doctrinaire. Now they consider that the avowal of fixed views is almost equivalent to a confession of incompetence; and are even encouraged by the easy cynicism of the public mind to plume themselves upon that spurious common-sense which lives from hand to mouth and makes an axiom of each convenient catchword of the hour. What is worse, the majority of them, in ceasing to believe that politics may be reduced to the shape of a deductive science, have fallen into the opposite extreme of treating it as an art which requires no mental discipline or preparation. They use history no otherwise than as a lucky-bag of parallels and precedents; and it is only natural that their foresight should be of a piece with their knowledge of the past. Fortunately the reproach is not of universal application. Some, though not many, of our public men still realise their double duty of forming clear ideas and of testing these by the records of experience. And even the most uncompromising of Mr. Asquith's opponents will hardly deny his claim to rank among these honourable exceptions. He has seriously attempted to base his policy on general

principles; and his principles are usually well considered. It is therefore a matter of general interest when he expresses himself upon a subject so momentous as that of war, and in so doing commits himself to a sweeping proposition. "He never heard of a war which could not have been prevented by the exercise upon both sides of good sense and good faith." Such were the words which he used in the recent debate on the Address (6 February). They are concise, but a good deal of meaning is wrapped up in them. War is always an evil. War is never a necessity. All wars arise from disputes in which a compromise is both desirable and possible. There is no such thing as a permanent and irreconcilable conflict of national interests and ideals. All this appears to be conveyed in Mr. Asquith's dictum.

Clear as he is, there is one point on which Mr. Asquith leaves us in doubt. Was he expressing the aspirations of a generous optimism, the law of a millennium that is yet to be realised? Or was he thinking of nations and statesmen as they actually are? If he merely meant that men endowed with perfect wisdom and a perfect sense of justice need never quarrel in any circumstances, he makes an appeal to faith, and few would disagree with him. But in that case his reference to history was misleading and superfluous. History provides no example of rival nations endowed with all, or approximately all the virtues. We may assert that if the leading data of history had been completely changed, then wars might have been averted; but the statement does not admit of proof; it is as much an article of faith as the position which it is intended to substantiate. We do not believe that Mr. Asquith would commit this elementary mistake. We therefore understand him as meaning that, if at critical conjunctures the rulers of nations had always acted with that caution, fairness, and sagacity which might be reasonably expected of men with their antecedents and in their position, then every war in history might have been prevented. Here we confess that we dissent from Mr. Asquith; and we believe that negative instances might be adduced from every period of history.

History affirms, and our experience corroborates the statement, that primitive peoples are impelled to war by evils, which with their limited resources and intelligence, they have no other means of alleviating. They are neither sufficiently warlike to withstand a protracted series of invasions nor sufficiently peaceful to accumulate reserves of capital. The failure of a harvest or an unsuccessful campaign will therefore drive them forward in the line of least resistance, and their wealthier neighbours must choose between battle and the payment of blackmail. The second alternative is seldom a sound policy. Charity in such cases wears the aspect of a bribe; bribes are the surest way to court a repetition of the attack. Civilised powers can afford to be more generous than the uncivilised. But civilised powers are constantly solicited for gifts more valuable than food. They are asked for land and protection. To grant the first is sometimes impossible and always involves the risk that authority may be weakened or the standard of civilisation debased by the mingling of inferior with superior races; to grant the other is but to change the objective of hostilities. In these circumstances an immediate war is often the least expensive policy or even the one sure means of self-protection. Still more apparent is the necessity in those cases where the displacement of savage tribes began at a point remote from the frontier of any civilised power, and where the long-continued stress of war or famine has welded several tribes into a nation of professional robbers. Civilisation cannot be exposed to a greater peril than this; and it is a peril which recurs from age to age. The predatory nation is an inevitable phenomenon; there is hardly a country in the world which has not at times been threatened in this way. No civilised power can afford to be at peace while any people within its sphere of influence continues in the predatory stage; and peace is equally inconceivable when two or more of such peoples subsist in close proximity to one another.

The nations of modern Europe were founded by predatory peoples; and therefore, in the Dark Ages, the

State of Nature was a State of War. But even in the next phase of social development there was no cessation of the hard necessity. Constrained to adopt a fixed abode and to learn the arts of peace, the Frank, the Lombard, the Magyar, the Turk still preserved the military tradition, and still prized above all other virtues those of which war is the most obvious and effective school. National interests pointed in the same direction as conservative morality. For, since the first effect of quiescence was to relax the bonds of unity and discipline, disunion and corruption came to be regarded as the necessary fruits of peace. Experience seemed to prove with overwhelming cogency that a periodical return to the state of war was, from every point of view, desirable. Even Christianity did little to refute so plausible an error. The preaching of the Church was too often warped by prejudice or refuted by the practice of her chiefs. We cannot remember a single European statesman of a period earlier than the fifteenth century whose policy was moulded by honest and consistent detestation of war; such a degree of enlightenment could not reasonably be expected from the men of action of the Middle Ages. If feudal States had been ruled by philosophic orators, some useless wars might possibly have been avoided. But the most eloquent of such orators would not have maintained his ascendancy for any length of time. If the character of statesmen and of peoples could have been radically altered, then the Middle Ages might have enjoyed immunity from war; but lasting peace was possible upon no other conditions.

When the resources of a society like Western Europe are distributed between a multitude of contiguous and half-civilised powers, these powers have no choice between expansion and enslavement. Their number dwindles until the richest prizes have been divided between two or three of the more fortunate competitors. When this point is reached the future of society depends upon the rapidity with which it has been reached. If the responsibilities of an extended sovereignty have softened military instincts in all the rivals, a Balance of Power is established and a commonwealth of nations owning obedience to self-imposed restraints becomes a well-established fact. Otherwise there will be a more or less protracted struggle terminating in the establishment of an Empire like that of Persia or of Rome. In either case we may appear to be within measurable distance of a universal peace.

But is the anticipation justified by facts? The case of the Empire is, of the two, that which affords the fairest promise of an affirmative conclusion. It may be argued that, even though for a time national pride and the lust of conquest may impinge with overwhelming force upon the caution of the individual statesman, the time must come when these passions will be appeased and an Augustus may persuade his subjects to rest upon their laurels. Indeed this view was entertained by the sanest of Roman statesmen. But the issue was contrary to their hopes. Sometimes the ebullitions of barbarous neighbours called for chastisement or a forcible annexation. Sometimes a more civilised community embarked upon a policy of provocation or intrigue with kindred peoples living under the rule of the Empire. To vindicate the Imperial prestige or to prevent the growth of internal disaffection, a forward move was necessary. They who study the later stages of an Empire's growth are apt to misconceive its policy and to imagine aggressive insolence or far-sighted avarice where there is nothing more than a timid and reluctant surrender to the exigencies of orderly government. But Englishmen at least should be free from these misconceptions. We have had statesmen who, in all sincerity, pleaded for retrenchment, deplored the vastness of our responsibilities, and affirmed that never, with their good will, should another inch be added to our dominions; and in the end we have seen these very men waging successful wars of conquest. They yielded to the inevitable. They felt the approach of great and hostile powers; or they realised that the self-government of savages is fraught with danger to their neighbours; or in the heart of an inferior population they detected a rising state, of native or of alien blood, whose deliberate policy was a

perennial source of disturbance and migrations. They did not fall into the blunder of imputing moral guilt to the disturbers of the peace; but, rightly considering the peril to be all the more serious because it arose from the periodic operation of deep-seated causes, they intervened without consideration for the protests of misplaced sentiment and lawless liberty.

There remains the case of such a commonwealth of nations as the Treaty of Westphalia recognised in Western Europe. That treaty established an equilibrium which was expected to be stable; and there is no little colour for the view that all the later wars of Europe have originated in the ambitions of despotic rulers. No impartial historian can ignore the load of guilt which rests upon the shoulders of a Louis XIV., a Frederic the Great, a Napoleon Buonaparte. It is idle to represent these men as the passive instruments of destiny; nor can we palliate their conduct by enlarging on the happy consequences which indirectly followed from it. Still, when we have subtracted from the total all the wars which can be traced to the policy of these master minds, there is a residue, for which we have not accounted, of wars waged by inferior men and by men who were frequently afraid of war. That little men may be the cause of great calamities is a melancholy and indubitable fact. But little men are often unfairly blamed for not rising as far above the average of strength and prudence as they actually fall below it. Some wars are made by peoples and they who seem to lead are hardly more than servants of the popular will. The individual man may be, as the Apostle tells us, "a little lower than the angels;" but man in the mass is an earthly animal, nursing the resentful memory of past defeats, cherishing crude conceptions of heroism and glory, unreasonably alarmed by the prosperity of his neighbours, always ready to take umbrage at their prejudices, institutions, or religious creeds. Revenge and envy, the bias of sect and the bias of nationality are forces of which the momentum decreases slowly and acquires ungovernable dimensions at the most trifling provocation. The knot which ties the bag of Æolus is never safe from the prying fingers of the irresponsible and insignificant; but, when the bag has once been opened, he would be something more than human who could still the liberated winds. In such a case humanity must be grateful for men who steer the forces which they cannot coerce, who like the destroying angel of the poet, "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." Of such crises there is no better example than that afforded by the early wars of the revolutionary epoch. Historians have exhausted their ingenuity to make a single man or class of men responsible for the outburst of 1792. The gold of Pitt and the malignity of Continental despots seemed an all-sufficient explanation to the school of Michelet. Von Sybel, on the other hand, maintained that only the insane ambitions of the Gironde made it impossible for republican France to fraternise with Governments based upon authority and custom. But modern criticism rejects these simple theories. We have before us an admirable monograph upon the subject,* in which a Cambridge prizeman has summarised, with unusual skill and judgment, the last results of French and German research. He confirms the view, which M. Sorel had already stated, that the causes of the war were infinite in number. All France, with the exception of a few Jacobins, had agreed to look upon war as a not undesirable necessity. The capital and the provinces, the Royalists and the Gironde, might hold different opinions concerning the proper sphere and object of hostilities; but upon the main question all were agreed. The folly, if we are to call it so, was so universal that it may well appear inevitable. As for the Powers, they had formed no organised conspiracy and were little disposed to take the risk of war. But an invincible dislike of republics and a not unfounded fear of republican propaganda drove them to intervention. Kaunitz, the prince of eighteenth-century diplomats, fancied that he could overawe the Legislative Assembly by a strongly worded protest; and he was answered with a declara-

* "The Causes of the War of 1792." By J. H. Clapham. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1899.

tion of war. War was inevitable long before he took this fateful step; but his miscalculation shows how impossible it was for even veteran statesmen to avoid a catastrophe in handling the unique phenomena of the Revolution. War could only have been prevented if the sympathies and suspicions of both parties had been wholly different.

Enough has been said to show that one at least of Mr. Asquith's doctrines requires a measure of revision. Others perhaps are no less questionable; and some people would maintain, even in the light of present experience, that war may be welcome as an escape from greater evils. But we would not close upon a note of criticism. Mr. Asquith has given us much food for thought; and that, we repeat, is an obligation under which we are rarely laid by English statesmen.

THE CHOICE.

WITH the publication of "Pages Catholiques," a volume of selections from "En Route" and "La Cathédrale," edited with a preface by the Abbé Mugnier, M. Huysmans may be said to have received the imprimatur of the Church. Among many responsible Catholic testimonies, the Abbé Mugnier quotes an emphatic phrase of Dom Augustin, the Abbé of La Trappe d'Igny, the monastery described in "En Route," who rejoices that "the book will do good to those who do not usually read good books." And he himself affirms, as he presents to the world the book into which he has put so much of what is finest in M. Huysmans' two novels, that to receive these pages with faith is to be faithful to the spirit of Christ.

Such affirmations are of almost equal interest to those who are preoccupied with questions of religion and to those who are preoccupied with questions of art. For, after all, does not the larger part of the value of conduct and the larger part of the value of art come from the amount of sincerity which has been put into living and working? The question itself of sincerity is certainly the most complicated question in the world; for one is not sincere, in life or in art, by intending to be. Our intentions should indeed count for very little, for an intention is not so much as the paralytic's dream of movement; it is a whisper of the reason, which may not even be heard by that deeper self, soul or instinct, which is at once what gives us our identity, and is prepared to scatter that identity into the general consciousness of the universe. I may say to myself: I will believe in such a dogma of religion, I will believe in such a theory of art. But all my saying and meaning and trying will avail me nothing if the dogma or the theory has not struck sudden fire into light, as it came startlingly upon itself, there in the darkness. Then, and then only, I shall be sincere, as I seem to discover for the first time something which I had known always. And it is this kind of sincerity, this illumination, which means so much to the man who wishes to live well and to the artist who wishes to work well.

"There are states of soul which are not to be invented," said Monseigneur d'Hulst, in reply to some doubts about the literal truth to conviction of "En Route"; and it is on this question of sincerity that the whole artistic merit of M. Huysmans' later work seems to me to depend. The faculty of invention, which can do so much that it seems to us sometimes as if, with Shakespeare or with Michael Angelo, it could do everything, is after all never quite an absolute thing, never without its lineage, never the first word of creation. Invention is a happy way of arranging the bonfire, so that a single spark sets it all alight. That single spark is no doubt the incalculable element, which lurks everywhere in the world, but, all the same, the spark is nothing, would flicker out in an instant, if its fiery way is not prepared for it. And, when we set invention to work upon the soul, upon what is deepest in us, we must feed it with all our substance, keeping nothing back, if it is to do its work there. A man who has never been in love will never write a good love-poem; nor, if he has only loved ignobly, will he write nobly of love. And so a man who has never had the

great awakening, which may bring him, in Barbey d'Aurévilly's phrase, used of M. Huysmans himself as long ago as 1884, "to the mouth of the pistol or to the foot of the Cross," will never be able to do what M. Huysmans has done: trace the itinerary of the soul, milestone by milestone along the road of its penitence.

The conversion of M. Huysmans, unlike the conversion of M. Coppée for instance, is a matter of some significance, apart even from the question of the influence of that change upon his work as an artist. M. Coppée, an amiable and charming man of letters, became ill, it appears, and fell back upon the consolations of religion, as dying men, and men who suppose themselves to be dying, often do, as after all the only consolations left. He has recovered, and he retains his piety, as we keep souvenirs, doubtless from a real sense of fidelity to an experience which has really moved us. But the experience is not everything: much depends on the man. M. Coppée is a sentimentalist who has written innumerable verses about the sorrows of the poor, and he has never moved us with a great emotion, or convinced us of any passionate sympathy in himself for what he is writing about. His religion leaves us equally unmoved, for it comes to us as a voice, no more; the voice of one whose opinions have no meaning for us, because they have had no deep meaning for him. But, with M. Huysmans, the matter is different. "His sincerity is the very form of his talent," says the Abbé Mugnier, in his excellent preface: "he owes to it his qualities and his defects, his admirers and his enemies."

Rarely have the man and the writer been more closely identified." And M. Huysmans, as we have always seen him in his books, has been an idealist à rebours, one so discontented with the world as it is, with what is ugly and evil in it, that he has exalted his discontentment into a kind of martyrdom; and all his earlier books have been one long narrative of his martyrdom. He has avenged himself upon ugliness and evil by painting them with the exasperation of a monk of the Middle Ages, or with the angry satire of the stone-carvers who set obscene devils crawling over the devout and aspiring walls of the great cathedrals. While he has seemed to be grovelling deeper than others in the trough of Realism, he has been like a man who does penance in a devouring rage, against himself and against sin. He has seen the external world with such extraordinary vividness because he has seen it with hatred; and if love may at times blind with the shadow of too great a light, hatred is always open-eyed, with a kind of intoxication of vision. Not Swift hated the world as M. Huysmans has hated it. Well, he has found peace, he has become reconciled with the world, he has found his own way of living apart in it, not, as yet, in an acceptance of monastic life, but in a little hermitage of his own, "between a monastery and a wood."

That a man like M. Huysmans should have accepted the Church, should have found the most closely formulated theory of religion still possible, and more than a mere refuge, is certainly significant. It is significant, among other things, as a confession on the part of a great artist, that art alone, as he has conceived it, is not finally satisfying without some further defence against the world. In "A Rebours" he showed us the sterilising influence of a narrow and selfish conception of art, as he represented a particular paradise of art for art's sake turning inevitably into its corresponding hell. Des Esseintes is the symbol of all those who have tried to shut themselves in from the natural world, upon an artificial beauty which has no root there. Worshipping colour, sound, perfume, for their own sakes, and not for their ministrations to a more divine beauty, he stupefies himself on the threshold of ecstasy. And M. Huysmans, we can scarcely doubt, has passed through the particular kind of haschish dream which this experience really is. He has realised that the great choice, the choice between the world and something which is not visibly in the world, but out of which the visible world has been made, does not lie in the mere contrast of the subtler and grosser senses. He has come to realise what the choice really is, and he has chosen. Yet perhaps the choice is not quite so narrow as Barbey d'Aurévilly thought; perhaps it is a choice between actualising this

dream or actualising that dream. In his escape from the world, one man chooses religion, and seems to find himself; another, choosing love, may seem also to find himself; and may not another, coming to art as to a religion and as to a woman, seem to find himself not less effectually? The one certainty is, that society is the enemy of man, and that formal art is the enemy of the artist. We shall not find ourselves in drawing-rooms or in museums. A man who goes through a day without some fine emotion has wasted his day, whatever he has gained in it. And it is so easy to go through day after day, busily and agreeably, without ever really living for a single instant. Art begins when a man wishes to immortalise the most vivid moment he has ever lived. Life has already, to one not an artist, become art in that moment. And the making of one's life into art is after all the first duty and privilege of every man. It is to escape from material reality into whatever form of ecstasy is our own form of spiritual existence. There is the choice; and our happiness, our "success in life," will depend on our choosing rightly, each for himself, among the forms in which that choice will come to us.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB AND THE PAINTER-ETCHERS.

JUDGING from the exhibition held by the "London Sketch Club," at the Modern Gallery in Bond Street, I should doubt whether the entertaining game promoted by the club is good for, or favourable to, any of its more considerable members except the President. Mr. Haité's achievements at the club meetings are, in the first place, beyond comparison more pleasing than those of his fellow-members, and, secondly, they look as if they were an entire and satisfactory exhibition of whatever qualities the artist possesses. Set him down in a room, mention Venice or Tangiers (the name of the place is of no great importance), and Mr. Haité, with the practised tripping of his fluent brush, will spin you out a picture which may at once be framed and dismissed to its place upon the wall as a complete accomplishment. The President's contributions to the exhibition are the work of a man who has a well-defined manner and is in full and conscious possession of his gifts. He aims at nothing which he cannot perform, and the performance is too complete to allow the critic any grounds for demanding that he should aim elsewhere. This is evidently not the case with Mr. Lenfesty, Mr. Lee-Hankey, Mr. Walter Fowler, Mr. C. J. Hobson. Their landscapes have something in them that claims attention, but they are not complete and satisfactory accomplishments of their kind, and it is possible that the peculiar conditions under which they were produced may lend them a false value in the eyes of the artists themselves. "Maybe these landscapes are not very good; but you must remember that the artists painted them out of their heads," in this room, at a single sitting—there are many capable painters who would be hard put to it to turn out anything so presentable at one of our club meetings." I hasten to say that the club makes no such speech. There is no preface to its catalogue excusing shortcomings, or extolling merits, on the score of the conditions imposed upon its members. As an exhibiting body the club takes up the correct attitude—the conditions under which the pictures have been painted are no concern of the public that comes to look at them.

This collection of fancy pictures, however, is interesting because there is so little fancy in them, because their painters evidently have not felt that the régime imposed upon them offered any advantageous latitude. In such an exhibition one would expect to see essays in composition; but the pictures differ not at all from the rather aimless, the rather clumsy, the rather troubled sketch which a painter brings home after a stupid day in the open, willing, perhaps, to be persuaded next day that all the stupidity and the ugliness is attributable to the stupid modern habit of painting straight ahead from Nature. How could he expect his picture to be anything but stupid, seeing that he

journeyed through the fields with no ideas in his head, and finally fell upon two trees and a pond, without any preparatory, any creative contemplation? Even if he start more favourably, the scene before him is an obsession that disturbs: if he draws in colours he runs out of tone, in the eagerness to get everything at once, to realise indiscriminately all that he sees, he pushes his sky up to the edge of the branches, and is tempted everywhere into ugly qualities of paint. But in a room, shut off from accidental and disturbing Nature, he can follow his inner vision of a scene that has settled into shape, composing with purpose; listening to one voice he may humour his paint, instead of troubling it in the endeavour to answer calls from every quarter; nothing cries to him from outside to be matched; he might rest content if he were no more real than were Rubens or Vandyke in their sketches. The members of the club, however, are not eager to enjoy their freedom; the absence of Nature is rather a disadvantage which must be overcome in the race to see who can produce work that looks most like an indifferent sketch done from Nature. If this is too cold a light in which to see the sketches produced by a club whose meetings must often be full of entertainment, the fault may lie with members whose landscapes are entirely solemn work.

There are three excellent examples of Mr. Peppercorn's landscape at the Goupil Gallery. He has dignity, repose, a gentle unity of effect which is sometimes moving and always makes his landscapes something more than merely pleasant to look at. He reaches this unity consciously and in virtue of his capacity; there is nothing in it of the tameness which blunts the attraction of many among the landscapes exhibited by Mr. Adrian Stokes at the Fine Art Society. At the same time his dignity is gained at the cost of fullness, it is a very palpable diminishing or lessening of Nature; some levelling agency has been passed—not rudely nor mechanically—over her face. The simplification is felt, not on second thoughts, but as soon as the picture catches the eye. A little water-colour of Mr. Whistler's has that peculiar intimacy which distinguishes his rendering of Nature, which is, indeed, the source of it. The tinges of colour in "The Harbour" are something clean beyond the reach of the man of taste who puts together exquisite blues and purples, something that has no wilfulness in it, that cannot be arrived at, something that is delivered to him from Nature, delivered directly to his hand, a hand moving nervously, with an acuteness corresponding to the intimate appeal, so that this lightest of water-colours is yet an "important picture." The presence here of his "Arrangement in Green and Gold," a monster, with a peacock's tail, playing the piano, seems to me unfair, because with this gift of closeness to Nature the artist can so seldom have cared to paint out of hearing of her appeal, and I can see no point in being reminded that when he did so he was fallible, as other men are.

The Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers may have excellent intentions, but the contributors to its eighteenth annual exhibition in Pall Mall do not, it appears, care very much for drawing. Mr. Eugène Béjot's bridges make some effect; but they contain tiresome passages of parallel lines that seem to have come there only because the artist at those points ceased to be interested in drawing, was content not to feel his way to filling the given space with the slight marks which are all a needle can produce. Mr. Edward Synge has gone more sincerely and gently to work to solve such difficulties in his pretty "Hay Barn." Miss Pott has been sufficiently caught by the fascination of the intricate machinery with which the "Stocking Weavers" are engaged to ensure a corresponding interest in her etching. M. Helleu's few sweeping lines let out the commonness of a not very refined artistic personality. Mr. W. Monk, in his "Earle's Eye," has treated landscape with more freedom and happiness than the decorative draughtsman usually achieves. Mr. Holroyd's obstinate and high-handed determination to be big, and to be big first before he is anything else, makes his work depressing. Indeed for that tenderness which, in another connexion of course, Ruskin would have called humility, one must turn to an etching of Ostade's which the President has lent for the east wall.

O. V. S.

AT THE LYCEUM.

MR. BENSON "continues to continue," and still the wonder grows how one small head holds all the parts he knows. He himself, I am sure, would deprecate the enthusiasm to which his encyclopædic memory moves us. I suspect that when he reads what the newspapers say of his productions he skips any mention there may be of his own acting, and is eager merely to see whether Shakespeare has got a good notice. I picture him coming down to rehearsal every Friday morning in the highest spirits, and saying to his business-manager "Isn't it splendid?" "Isn't what splendid?" asks the business-manager. "Why! 'The Daily Telegraph'!" cries Mr. Benson, whipping out from his overcoat the current issue. "Haven't you seen it? Look! 'This beautiful play'—'this stirring drama'—'passages in which the immortal bard seems to surpass even himself'—'the universal, we had almost said the superhuman, range of his genius.' Ah, you see, they're beginning to appreciate him! I haven't been working in vain all these years. He has an awfully good notice in the 'Times,' too. Here it is," &c. &c. In fact, Mr. Benson has the temperament neither of the mime nor of the commercial speculator. He is a man with a mission, a man devoted to a mission which leaves him no time for personal vanity and blinds his eye to the main chance. This sacred and all engrossing mission is to propagate the worship of Shakespeare. Hitherto, he has carried it on mostly in the provinces. Through the breach at the Lyceum he has, at length, invaded the metropolis, and has put to shame those sceptics who, arguing that provincial minds were ever readier than metropolitan minds to be improved, predicted that his tenure of the Lyceum would not be prosperous at all. These sceptics had declared that only "stars" and gorgeous scenery would reconcile the frivolous metropolis to classic drama, and that Shakespeare in homespun would be given a very cold shoulder. But I was not one of these sceptics. Not I! knowing well that London contained thousands of simple, earnest folk whose dearest ambition was to have their minds improved—more than enough thousands of them to insure Mr. Benson against fiasco; I knew they would "flock" to the Lyceum, week after week, every one of them carrying the Clarendon Press edition of the play to be performed, and would sit religiously through the performance, rarely raising their eyes from the text, and utilising the entr'actes by reading up the pithy "notes" of Dr. A. or Professor B. They would not, I knew, enjoy themselves; but then, they would not go to enjoy themselves: they would go to be edified. It is quite extraordinary how few people seem to have realised what a void there is for edifying drama. Mr. William Archer, for many years, has complained bitterly that in Germany the number of Shakespearian plays enacted is far greater than it is in England; and his voice has always been regarded by most people (including himself) as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Yet lo! Mr. Benson's season succeeds from its outset, and, to the consternation of all dramatic critics, is to be prolonged far beyond its original limit. Mind-improvement, which was merely a wistful ambition, becomes a fierce passion. Subscriptions pour in. The Clarendon Press drives a tremendous trade, and the soul of Mr. Benson is uplifted. The Lyceum's atmosphere becomes, week by week, more and more like that of a mission-house; insomuch that I should not wonder if Sir Henry Irving, returning, found that the very walls had turned to corrugated iron.

I admire zealotry in any form, and am glad when it pays. I am glad Mr. Benson is succeeding so well in London. But I do not pretend that I find any overpowering joy in the mere thought that so many plays of Shakespeare are being given in so short a time. I care not a brass farthing that the public's mind is being improved. If such improvement were likely to make the public more tolerant than it is of serious modern work, I should be very glad indeed; for then there would be more chance of progress for modern drama. But the public is going to the Lyceum for moral reasons, as I have suggested, and not for æsthetic reasons. Its visits will not quicken in it any

love of fine dramatic art. Indeed, the effect will be rather the reverse: having sat out the whole of Shakespeare, the public will feel less than ever inclined to weary itself by listening to the work of serious persons who have not the good fortune to be named Shakespeare. And as to my own personal inclinations, I repeat that I have no desire for the more frequent performance of Shakespeare's plays. Of "Hamlet," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," (and other plays which, as they attract "stars," are often produced,) I have already seen more than enough to last me for a lifetime: much as I love them, I do not wish to see them again. Such enchanting plays as "The Tempest," which I have never seen, or as others which I have seen but seldom, I look forward to seeing under Mr. Benson's auspices. But I do not want to see Shakespeare's inferior plays merely because they are Shakespeare's. Of course, even in his worst plays there are wonderful passages. There are wonderful passages in "Richard III.," in "Henry V." But my pleasure in them does not counterbalance my boredom in seeing "Richard III." and "Henry V." Such plays as these are the mere hack-work of genius, and had better far be neglected. Shakespeare must have groaned over them himself not less bitterly than do his discriminating admirers to-day. One can imagine him sighing as he plied his quill—"Another part of the field!" Heaven send it be less melancholy than the first! One can fancy the tired smile he wore as he wrote—

"Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?"

And oh! there are hundreds of such lines in every one of his historical plays. In "Richard II.," which Mr. Benson was playing till last Thursday, there is a quite painful number of them. But "Richard II.," as a whole, is triumphantly redeemed by the character of the king. So soon as he gets to the king, Shakespeare is at his best, and thoroughly enjoying himself. But the early scenes, how frigid and uninspired they are! With how contemptuous a finger the poet pulls his puppets! One cannot resist the feeling that Shakespeare never really wanted to write historical plays at all. Sometimes, as in the case of "Richard II.," he found by the way means of inspiration. But how wearily all the historical plays open! One can imagine how different John of Gaunt's farewell to Bolingbroke would have been if the two characters had been created by the poet, and named by him, for one of his imaginative dramas. The old father, stricken with sorrow for the banishment of his son, would not then have indulged in such pretty-fantastical word-spinning as this:

"Suppose the singing-birds musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence
strew'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance."

Shakespeare was obviously bored throughout this scene, and tried to console himself by turning it (as he could always turn anything) "to favour and to prettiness." But he must have been angry with himself for not treating the scene properly, or he would never have mortified himself by concluding it with the appalling couplet

"Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman."

Let us be thankful that in the character of the king he found something to call forth the resources of his genius. From the "scene before Flint Castle" to the end of the play, we have a masterpiece in psychology—an analysis of that weak and morbid, yet never quite ignoble, temperament which Shakespeare seemed to understand better, and to delight in more, than any other. My enjoyment of "Richard II." was increased by the impression Mr. Benson was acting much better than he had acted in the other plays—showing, above all, just that quality of imagination which one had thought was utterly denied him.

Of his "Malvolio," the less said the better. Indeed, the whole production of "Twelfth Night" (which I have seen since I wrote this article) is lamentably undistinguished, except for the "Sir Toby" of Mr. Weir and the "Sir Andrew" of Mr. Swete. Mr. Weir, by the way, was excellent also as the gardener in "Richard II." He is a true comedian. MAX.

BACH'S ORGAN FUGUES.

AT the risk of finding myself unspeakably dull I set out to-day, before my readers and myself have forgotten who and what Bach was, to make their lives easier, more pleasant, by saying something about the playing of his organ fugues. Not many generations of English churchgoers have been "played out" by Bach's fugues, an all-wise Providence having ordained that England should not discover the existence of these masterworks until Bach had been about half a century dead; and of the generations who have been played out to them, only a few individuals can have felt the full measure of agony caused by the proceeding. But all have suffered somewhat, and some must have suffered extremely; for there is no conceivable torture more terrible to a genuine musician than a Bach fugue as played by the ordinary organist. Of course there are organists who play Bach nobly, artistically; and for each one who does so I would undertake to find in a day's search a hundred who play him wretchedly, scandalously. In Thuringia in Bach's day every organist was called a Bach: nowadays every dull, dry, supremely ugly piece of music is supposed to be by Bach, for the simple enough reason that whenever a piece known to be by Bach is played, the organist takes good care to make it sound as dull, dry and ugly as music can well be. Ten years ago I suggested that when a mob refused to disperse it was altogether unnecessary to read the Riot Act and call out the military, as it would be easy to establish organ stations on the same plan as fire stations, each with a portable organ of suitable dimensions and power and an organist to play it, and an organ fugue played in the customary manner would send the largest and most infuriated crowds straight home or to the nearest public-house. It does not appear to be known whether the nation's piety was so excessive during the earlier portion of the nineteenth century that this manner of playing Bach had to be devised to drive congregations out of church after the service was finished; but certainly the matter is worth inquiring into. That, however, is the historian's business: ours is to find out why Bach should be put to that use to-day when congregations are not remarkable for staying in church longer than they can help. Never in my experience has the clergyman in office asked that the church might be quickly cleared; and so far is the organist, as a rule, from wishing to be done with his job that he will go on long after every worshipper is comfortably settled down in his home and the bellows-blower has begun to growl savagely in his obscurity behind or under the organ. Who does not remember how the average organist plays the fugue? Diapason stops are drawn on the Great, diapasons and reeds on the Swell, the mezzoforte sixteen and eight foot diapasons on the Pedal. The exposition is played on the Great, the episodes are played on the Swell; and towards the end of the fugue every available stop is pulled out until a hideous mass of noise is produced and all the music is completely buried. Every fugue is made to fit this mould. The business of fitting people to the Procrustean bed was an innocent amusement compared with the heartless game of playing Bach in what is called the traditional manner. Traditional, they call it. Some day after the war is ended and both Houses of Parliament are abolished I intend asking the Editor to allow me to write an article occupying the whole of one issue on the subject of tradition in art. It is always a curse and nearly always a fraud. In the case of Bach it can easily be shown to be a fraud, and it is a curse because the average organist shelters himself behind it and persists in misrepresenting some of the greatest masterpieces in the world.

What the organist believes, and apparently wishes the whole world to believe, is simply this: that Bach's organ works differ from Bach's other works in being mere contrapuntal exercises or noisy show-pieces; that it is impossible to play them in any other way than the customary utterly inartistic way; that this way is authoritative, having been handed down by tradition from Bach himself. This creed is a mass of balderdash and lies. Its existence is only to be explained by the fact that the organists who hold it are the most ignorant of all musicians. As a rule they know no more of the bare history of music than is necessary to pass the examinations of the College of Organists or of some University. They know nothing of Bach's artistic purposes, or for that matter of the purposes of any of the other musicians. They seldom know the difference between music and counterpoint, as is shown by the fact of their dividing the stuff they play into music which they enjoy—the vulgar, rowdy, music-hall-tune, French offertories, Andantes in G, and the rest—and music which they call "scholarly," anything in which counterpoint is used—Bach for example, or Hesse, or Rheinberger. They play this scholarly music just as the Kensington person reads and sometimes quotes Browning: it is a sign—generally the only sign—of culture. When I said that organists believed Bach's organ music to be different from his other music, I did them a serious wrong. As a rule they don't know this; as a rule they know little of Bach beyond his organ music. If I could pass a trawl net, specially contrived, over London, I am prepared to stake my life that out of every hundred organists I caught not more than three or four would be able to pass an examination in the form and structure of say half a dozen of Bach's church cantatas or his writings for harpsichord and clavichord. It never occurs to these people that Bach, when he sat down to write a fugue, was not likely to forget and neglect, even if he had been able to do so, the poetry and passion which he put into his other music, which, indeed, he lived to express. The notion is quite preposterous. Besides, the preludes and fugues written for the organ are not more showy than those written for the clavichord, and not nearly so learned. In the most important there is not a genuine stretto; there is little double counterpoint; and the free use Bach makes of bogus entries of the subject (I mean cases where the subject enters and presently drifts off into mere counterpoint and is not really continued) and devices of the sort shows that whatever else he was aiming at, he certainly was not aiming at perfect arithmetic. Anyone who knows his Bach and will take a careful look at the organ fugues will see in a moment that the music is precisely the same kind of music as he wrote for other instruments and combinations of instruments; it is expressive music; and in the absence of any evidence whatever to the contrary, I assume that he meant it to be expressive. That being the case it must be played expressively—as expressively as the nature of the organ permits, and using every device possible on the organ to achieve expression. The average organist says this is impossible, or at any rate that the result will not be effective, which is the same thing. With that I shall deal in a moment; but let us first take the organist's last argument, that the manner of playing Bach which he affects is the traditional and true manner. I want to know through whom these traditions have come down to us. If through German players, then it is odd that the German method of playing him should be entirely different from the English method, and, I may add for the consolation of English organists, infinitely more barbarous than the English method. But if not through German musicians, then through whom? To this question there is no answer. As a matter of fact there are no Bach traditions earlier than Mendelssohn. Further, if there were dozens of them we must remember what Wagner said on the subject. Wagner had occasional accesses of common sense and this is what he says about Bach: "Tradition, even if it could be shown to exist in definite form, offers very little assistance; for Bach, like every other German master, never had the means at his command adequately to perform his compositions. We know the embarrassing circumstances

under which his most difficult and elaborate works were given; . . . and it is not surprising that in the end he should have grown callous with regard to execution and have considered his works as existing merely in thought. It is a task reserved for the highest and most comprehensive culture, to observe and establish a mode of executing the works of this wonderful master so as to enable his music to appeal to the emotions in a plain, direct manner." This may seem at first to apply less to Bach's organ music than to the music he wrote for other instruments and for voices; but a little consideration will show that it applies equally to the organ works. The organ until long after Bach's death was a crude, incomplete instrument, with a touch of many pounds' weight, uncouth stops, and a plentiful lack of couplers; and with all his stupendous skill he could no more have played one of his fugues as it can be played to-day than he could have made his Leipzig choir sing one of his church cantatas as they can now be sung by the choir of St. Paul's, or of King's Chapel, Cambridge, or in fact by every choir in the country save the Bach Choir. Moreover, the men round him, the very best of his pupils, were not the men to hand on Bach traditions. The sublime disregard they showed for his music after his death, and the music they themselves wrote, show plainly that they did not in the least understand him and had no faintest perception of his greatness as a creative artist. To them, as to the modern organist, he was scarcely more than a wonderful master of counterpoint. The following little passage from his friend Magister Birnbaum ought alone to show that he played his music as expressively as the instrument at his disposal permitted: "He (Bach) so perfectly understood the resemblance which the performance of a piece of music has in common with rhetorical art, that he was listened to with the utmost satisfaction when he discoursed of the similarity and agreement between them." The man who understood how the rules of rhetoric could be applied to musical performances was not the man to turn his organ into a substitute for the barrel-organ. In short, while there is no evidence to show that the traditional way of playing Bach is right or has the slightest authority, there is plenty of evidence to show that it was not Bach's way.

It is quite easy to play the organ works beautifully and with expression. The art consists rather in not doing certain absurd things than in doing anything out of the ordinary. Why should every fugue begin mezzoforte on the Great, why should the episodes necessarily be softer than the other parts, why should a deafening clamour invariably be raised at the end? This manner of playing Bach grew up in the worst part, the earlier part, of the nineteenth century; and with the nineteenth century it might with advantage be allowed to slip into the past. Organists should clear their minds of all that their Academic teachers have told them. They should make a careful study of the whole of Bach's vocal and instrumental music and become imbued with its spirit, realising that they can no more grasp his artistic intention by means of a study of the organ works alone than one can grasp Shakespeare's artistic intention from a study of "Hamlet" or any other one play. Then they should take his organ fugues at the piano, or better still, without any instrument at all, and work them out, deciding on the phrasing of the subject and every passage that grows out of the subject, deciding on the relative intensities of tone demanded in the various portions, and, above all, deciding on the accents needed and the best manner of getting them. (For, on the modern organ, it is perfectly simple to get any degree of accent.) It should be remembered that a universal law of art is that every effect must be secured by the smallest possible effort, and that not a stop more than is absolutely necessary should be used. And this is not because the effort, at least the physical effort, has mainly to be made by the organ-blower or the hydraulic engine, but because the ear of the listener should not be compelled to do more work than is necessary. Clearness is to be aimed at; clearness and beauty must never be sacrificed to noise. Several of the fugues demand a huge mass of tone; they should be made gorgeous and stately as a Gothic

cathedral; but there are only two or three in which mixtures are needed. Many of them demand only the softer stops. Any organist who will follow this method, and think of these things, will have his reward: he will find church congregations growing fond of Bach and asking for him instead of for "something tuneful" like the unspeakable Wely.

J. F. R.

TO A CITY CROCUS.

[The following lines are designed for a singer of a certain age; "cuius," in fact, "octavum trepidavit ætas claudere lustrum."]

CROCUS! thou virgin flower that dost,
When wanton winds of March are out,
Upon the town's astoried crust
Habitually deign to sprout:—

Observing thee with punctual eye,
Rathe herb, amid thine elfin ring,
The minor bard is moved to cry
"Behold, the harbinger of Spring!"

They, too, the mass, whose common feet
Trail wingless through the budding park,
Find in thy beauty, frail and fleet,
A ready subject for remark.

Oblivious of her infant charge
Enthralled with ducklings on the mere,
Maria, by the flowery marge,
Invokes her absent bombardier.

The patriot, painting all the air
A lurid khaki, learns of thee
That this is not the only wear
Allowed to Nature's pageantry.

Awhile the weary philo-Boer
Forgets his bosom's urgent smart;
Right to its little-english core
Thy healing gladness haunts his heart.

For me, who close my fortieth year,
Thy petals painfully recall
Those early fancies which the seer
Alluded to in "Locksley Hall."

In Spring, said he, an ampler red
Emerges on the robin's chest;
In Spring some other bird, he said,
Procures himself a change of crest.

Just then, it seems, a braver bloom
Distinguishes the polished dove;
And adolescent cheeks resume
The intermitted blush of love.

But not for me those vernal tints
That Nature's youth contrives to don;
Rather the amorous season hints
Of yet another lustre gone.

OWEN SEAMAN.

INSURANCE.

GOOD is getting better is the verdict that the Sun Life Assurance Society has been earning during the past few years, and the report for 1899 fully maintains it. Judging the accounts from the point of view of the contributions to surplus made during the year the first thing that strikes us is the exceptionally good rate of interest that is being yielded by the funds. Exclusive of investments and reversions the return is £4 3s. 11d. per cent. per annum, and the profit on reversions is probably equivalent to an even higher rate. As the Society in valuing its liabilities assumes that its funds will only earn 3 per cent. there is a clear contribution of £1 3s. 11d. per cent. per annum of the funds towards the surplus available for bonuses at the end of next year. This is an exceptionally large margin, and should be a material factor in the production of a good bonus.

A comparison of the expenses incurred with the expenses provided for also shows a satisfactory balance. The proportion of the premiums set aside for this purpose at the last valuation was 19.9 per cent., and as the expenses last year absorbed 15.3 per cent. of the premiums there is a margin of more than 4½ per cent. of the premium income accumulating for bonus purposes. This is satisfactory in itself, but it is still more satisfactory when the present expenditure of the Society is compared with its expenses in the past. It is no easy matter to reduce the expenses of a life office to the extent of 5 per cent. of the premium income, but this is the task that the management has accomplished in recent years, to the no small benefit of its policy-holders. The mortality experience during 1899 was also favourable; it was well within the amount provided for, and a comparison of the claims during the present quinquennium with those of previous years suggests that if the office is equally fortunate this year and next, the profit from mortality that will be shown at the next valuation should be distinctly good. The amount of new assurances issued during the year is quite a subsidiary matter by comparison with the contributions to surplus, since very little benefit results to policy-holders from the introduction of a large number of new members. In this respect, the Sun Life Office, like so many companies last year, shows a considerable falling off. The new assurances were only £981,000 in 1899, as compared with an average of £1,148,000 for the previous five years. It would have been comparatively easy to increase the volume of new business had the company been willing to incur a large additional expenditure, but the interest of the policy-holders has been better consulted by taking the course the Society has adopted.

The Accident department, that has only been in existence for three years, will prove a veritable gold mine to the shareholders if the present rate of profit continues. The premium income already amounts to the respectable total of £63,000, less than half of which was absorbed in claims and expenses. The prosperity of the new branch is of direct benefit to the proprietors, but it is indirectly beneficial to the holders of participating life policies as well, since it makes easier the policy of liberality to policy-holders, of which the managers gave an example last year when they decided that all policies effected after 31 December, 1896 should receive nine-tenths of the surplus and the proprietors one-tenth, instead of the proprietors receiving 20 per cent. as previously. It is ninety years since the Society was established, and few companies are better known, or better appreciated by the general public. If it continues for the next ten years to improve as rapidly as it has during the past three or four it should complete its centenary with a record that few other offices could show.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Canon MacColl is apparently never tired of essaying to defame our gallant soldiers in South Africa and at the same time to hold up the most truculent Boers

as models of Christian gentlemen. This eminently un-English and unpatriotic conduct he euphemistically styles "being fair all round." Readers of a leading Sunday contemporary have recently had inflicted on them a couple of columns of what, under the pretence of "bare justice for the Boers," is little less than a tissue of misstatement, innuendo and worse, affecting the good faith and conduct of our army in South Africa. We are inclined to agree with Mr. MacColl that "on this subject [the Boers] men's prejudices make monomaniacs of them" and of none in a more severe form than the reverend gentleman himself. Perhaps I am really doing him too much honour to pretend to take his carefully elaborated charges against British soldiers seriously. It is by no means the first time that the Canon has assumed to himself the rôle of the devil's advocate, as he reminds us with somewhat unctuous pride. His notorious escapade in connexion with the so-called "Bulgarian Atrocities," his devotion to Mr. Bradlaugh and his ill-advised and uncalled-for championing of the Ilbert Bill are all memorials of his peculiar powers of reasoning which he implies to be the resultant of "the possession of a well-balanced mind and a keen sense of justice."

Every soldier who has taken part in a war and every person who has followed out military operations between opposing nations is well aware that charges and counter-charges of abuse of the so-called "Customs of War" have ever been made by belligerents. Most commonly, an enemy is held up to infamy as having murdered wounded men, at other times a flag of truce has been fired on or some other act of treachery has been imputed. Starting from this very general principle that such charges always have been made in the past, the Canon proceeds airily to slur over the countless well verified instances in which the Boers during the last few months have misused the white flag and per contra adduces a few isolated cases where the British forces, generally through inadvertence, have continued to fire on the enemy after the latter have displayed that much-abused symbol. It is unnecessary here to repeat that of the examples given, hardly one of them is strictly to the point, nor if proven, would they in any way substantiate the charge that the British have made treacherous use of the white flag. This Canon MacColl implies although he is shrewd enough to leave it unsaid. It is unfortunate that his crude ignorance of the common usages of warfare should induce him to parade the instance of the shooting of the Boers who endeavoured to reach the abandoned guns at Colenso under cover of a white flag, as an act of treachery. I should have imagined that it would have been wiser to leave that example severely alone, for the present at least, since there are unpleasant stories going that the party of Boers who crept round the flank and forced the handful of British who stood by the guns to surrender were materially protected during this manoeuvre by a Boer white flag not very far distant.

This latter is however a good instance of charge and countercharge which can be eventually thrashed out and in no ways affects the main facts of the repeated Boer misuse of the white flag. Their advocate is sharp enough to provide a safe line of retreat for his clients in cases where they are proved to have violated the sanctity of the Geneva cross or used the white flag with intent to kill, for he assures us that he believes that "the Boer officers have been doing their best to conduct the war according to the usages of civilised and humane warfare but that some of the Boers living in contact with savages have not learnt the usages of civilised warfare and these may have sometimes abused the white flag [the italics are mine], but that it has been abused chiefly by some of the cosmopolitan mercenaries in the Boer army." I can only say that it was extraordinarily bad fortune for many of our officers and men to find themselves so frequently opposed to Boers who had lived in contact with savages and who had apparently taken such full advantage of their opportunities to learn from them the art of war.

It is not a little significant that a very worthy old Cape Colonist who had spent over forty years in the Transvaal and who went out to the Cape in the "Dunottar Castle" with Sir Redvers Buller was eloquent on the dangers our troops would run

through the treachery of the Boers in this very manner. Over and over again he warned our officers "never to trust the white flag," for he said that he had been living amongst the Boers for years and had heard them often discussing how they would fight the English when the war came for which they were all preparing and that this "white flag trick" was one of their favourite projected schemes, another being the massacre of all the officers by selected shots detailed expressly for that purpose. At the time the old farmer favoured our officers with these views nobody imagined how soon their correctness would be verified, for no one on board had any idea that the campaign had already commenced in Natal. Curiously enough, the old man warned our officers against the Free State Boers along the borders of Cape Colony, whom he asserted were an unusually untrustworthy lot, and especially those on the Western Border. Lastly, Canon MacColl attacks our troops for the wanton destruction of farmsteads and proceeds to enunciate various views of his own as to the correct procedure in such cases for troops operating in an enemy's country. The brutal savagery which distinguished the Boer occupation of Natal he lightly sets aside as "the destruction of the contents of some of the farmhouses in Natal." Now the farms marked out by our military authorities for destruction on the borders of the Free State were either those which had been semi-fortified or had been used as advanced depôts for the furtherance of military operations against us, and as such were clearly liable to be destroyed.

But there was one farm amongst those thus destroyed which fulfilled neither of these conditions, whose destruction no doubt the Canon would loudly denounce, as is his genial and patriotic habit. It is as well to emphasise the fact that in speaking of the destruction of these farms the Canon with his marvellous knowledge of every detail of the war, far transcending that of the generals, staff officers or troops on the spot, says:—"Not a shot had been fired from any of those houses." Let us now turn to facts in contradistinction to fancies based on the possession of "a well-balanced mind and a keen sense of justice." On a certain morning near the end of November an officer's patrol of our cavalry, sent on an extended reconnaissance, approached this particular farm; seeing some women at the door, they rode forward without special precautions to obtain water for themselves and horses. When within close range, a party of Boers suddenly rushed out of the house and fired a volley into the patrol, severely wounding the officer and killing or wounding several of the men. This house was rightly marked out for destruction and upon a favourable opportunity occurring, some time afterwards, it was very properly blown up, and, let us hope, the crops and farm produce of the treacherous owner also effectually destroyed. The Canon may be a very clever man, but he is certainly somewhat incautious in his violent misstatements of fact and in his frantic efforts to detract from the "fair fame" of our officers and men now engaged in upholding the cause of justice and freedom in South Africa.

I am your obedient servant, "GREY SCOUT."

P.S.—Since writing the above, Lord Roberts' dignified protest against the Boer misuse of the white flag has been published to the world. Doubtless Mr. MacColl will shortly be able to give us the precise act of treachery and cowardice on the part of Lord Roberts, which the latter has thus endeavoured to conceal by means of a "blustering counter-charge."—G. S.

AMERICA AND THE TRANSVAAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bickleigh Lodge, Shoot-up-Hill, Brondesbury, N.W.
6 March, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—The two London newspapers that give the most space to American news are "The Times," whose correspondent in New York is Mr. G. W. Smalley, an ultra-patriotic and at one time anti-British American; and the "Daily Mail," whose New York correspondent is Mr. W. E. Carson, an equally patriotic but never anti-British American. Both these gentlemen

transmit news and views of a character designed to interest, please or edify the American rather than the English readers of their journals. It is scarcely likely that they would care to act as correspondents for English journals if they were expected to send news and views of a different character. But of course they are not expected to do this, as "The Times" and the "Daily Mail" want their Transatlantic news to be of such a nature that the 70,000 permanent American residents of London will become purchasers and readers. Some of the other London dailies in arranging for their American news are apparently influenced by the same considerations, and, hence, almost all the news cabled from New York to the London papers is selected and coloured by Americans especially for American consumption. The result is that the British public knows practically nothing of what occurs in New York except what Americans think they should know, and it seldom hears anything but the purely American side of the various questions that arise affecting the interests of the two nations.

The manner in which the public on this side has been misled by the American gentlemen who supply it with Transatlantic news is demonstrated by the attitude of the American people, politicians and press towards this country in relation to the present war. During the American war with Spain, the New York correspondents furnished us with long and glowing accounts of the intense love and gratitude which were being daily manifested towards us by the American people. We were assured that the entire population of the States were fairly reeking with Anglo-Saxon race sentiment, and that the British flag was everywhere greeted with the same wild enthusiasm that is manifested for the Stars and Stripes. Of course we believed all this, and if some politician that has no money invested in American securities, or some author that does not write for the American market, or some actor that does not contemplate an American tour had dared to hint that Britain would not be justified in fighting the whole of Europe for the sake of our precious "kin across the sea," he would have been execrated in every daily newspaper in London.

Yet all this time, the most widely circulated American journals, such as the "New York World," the "New York Journal," and the "New York Sun" were daily declaring that Britain's friendliness was inspired by nothing else than a desire to curry favour with the United States, that it would not diminish American hostility for "America's hereditary foe," and that in the future as in the past Britain's extremity would be America's opportunity.

At the present moment Britain is doing in South Africa a work which if she had not performed in North America the United States could never have existed. If Britain had not conquered and Anglicised the Dutch of New Amsterdam, the City of New York and its adjacent territory would now be Dutch, and if in other parts of the North American continent we had not broken the French and Spanish power, the rest of the territory comprising the United States would now be French like Quebec, or Spanish like Mexico. The Americans show their appreciation of all this by representing us as land-grabbers, and praying for the abolition of our rule and civilisation on the African continent. The people of the United States are behaving towards us now, as they have behaved toward us in the past, that is they are returning evil for good.

During their war with Spain, our press suppressed all accounts of the wretched cowardice exhibited on several occasions by their troops, our people rejoiced at their alleged victories, cheered their flag whenever and wherever it was displayed, and when the war was over, our Government prevented the European nations from depriving them of the fruits. Since our war began their gratitude for all this is shown by their leading newspapers reprinting all the stories that have appeared in the Continental press anent the alleged cowardice and brutality of our troops, by their Senate and numerous other legislative bodies adopting resolutions of sympathy with our enemy, by the pro-Boer meetings held in all their principal cities, by the large sums of money collected in aid of the Boers, by the joy shown over our reverses, by the hissing of our flag and by the

pressure brought to bear on their Government to intervene in favour of the Boers.

If our newspapers were represented in New York by Englishmen, the British people would have been made to realise this before now, and when the Spanish and American war occurred, we should have been found on the side of Europe, and not have furnished the Continental press with an opportunity of further inflaming European feeling against this country.

I am, respectfully yours, JOSEPH BANISTER.

PROVISION FOR THE FUTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Badgemore, Henley-on-Thames, 21 March.

SIR,—In these days of martial enthusiasm, when we all can think of little else than the doings of our brave countrymen, it seems hopeless to expect men's thoughts to turn to more prosaic themes. Yet it is well if there be some who pause to think. Of what avail the courage of our brave men, and their arms, at Kimberley or Ladysmith if these towns had not been fully provisioned? Of what avail England's struggle in her next great war, not perhaps so far off, when beset by her enemies she has starvation in her midst? Easy now to laugh and put such thoughts aside. Easy to abuse the War Office or any other authority now because guns or supplies are not forthcoming to the moment. What will be the cry in that day against a Government, against a people, who has never taken a thought for the morrow?

London denuded of troops with its starving millions will not be saved and soothed by a debate on the Address! Will not those in power move? Will not the nation move before it is too late? It will be no use in days of war to talk of schemes. In less time than it took us to stem the tide of invasion of Cape Colony our corn would fail us, and we should be dependent on precarious cargoes from abroad.—Yours faithfully,

RICHARD OVEY.

THE REAL CLAVERHOUSE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hôtel Belvedere, Davos Platz, 20 March, 1900.

SIR,—In his amusing article on "Bonnie Dundee," Max says, "The real Claverhouse was a savage, and Mr. Irving wanted his Claverhouse to be a saint. The result is a kind of Merman."

I have not seen the play, but I have read a little about Claverhouse, and am surprised that anyone should still consider Macaulay's picture of him an accurate one. Surely the late Professor W. E. Aytoun exposed the falseness of it for all time. According to the writings of his contemporaries, says Professor Aytoun, Claverhouse was "stainless in honour, pure in faith, wise in council, resolute in action, utterly free from the selfishness which disgraced many of the Scottish statesman of the time."

So perhaps after all Claverhouse may be considered to have been more of a saint than a savage!

Yours faithfully,
E. M. CLARK.

DEAN MILMAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Leyton, 19 March, 1900.

SIR,—In the concise review of the Biography of Dean Milman the writer inadvertently assumes that the Dean's death occurred some two-and-twenty years since. The Dean I think it will be found died in the early autumn of 1868, and about that time his funeral sermon was preached in St. Paul's Cathedral by the then Bishop of London Archibald Campbell Tait.—Your obedient servant,

ROBERT D. SPARKS.

THE GLADSTONE STATUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kenchester, Hereford.

SIR,—The London County Council seem to have a difficulty in discovering a suitable site for the Gladstone statue. May I suggest "Little Britain"?

COMPTON READE.

REVIEWS.

VANISHING LIFE.

"Fifteen Years' Sport and Life in the Hunting Grounds of Western America and British Columbia." By W. A. Baillie-Grohman, with a chapter by Mrs. Baillie-Grohman. London: Horace Cox. 1900. 15s. net.

THE continents are going, they are passing away before our eyes. Not physically indeed for, in this sense, they remain and will remain; but in their spirit, in the life that was on them, that clothed them, that gave them their character and made them live in our imaginations. All is changed now, all is gone, or at least is going—going. How shall we think of Africa when the lion and elephant shall have ceased there for ever, when the antelope is no more and the giraffe lives only in a few menageries or stands in dead unloveliness to edify, within the walls of our museums, the indifferent gapers for whose behoof it was slaughtered? Africa, indeed, as a part of the earth, as an outline on the map of the world, will continue to be; but *Africa* will have passed away.

And North America? Can it, even now, be said to exist? Gone are the great herds of bison that roamed in shaggy pride over plains once as shaggy as themselves, which have now become one hideous scene of cultivation amidst which appalling cities, reeking with humanity, stare vulgarly out. Gone are the wapiti, gone the moose and the caribou, gone the prong-horned antelope, gone the great grizzly bear. Or if they are not all gone, if a few still linger on, the drift and wreckage of a once noble vessel over which the waves of butchery have rolled, yet their

"Cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop."

Even whilst we write the hard eye looks down an instrument as hard, perhaps, but not harder or more unsympathetic than itself; there is that "sharp crack" and "dull thud" (sport's sweetest "murder-music") that we are all so painfully familiar with, and life has been poured out to add one other dead ignoble "trophy" to the hoard of the civilised savage. For the real savage, he who killed of necessity and did it picturesquely, who used the brave bow and arrow, not the poor cowardly rifle, who never murdered the landscape with his presence or the stillness with a loud vulgar bang, who was part of the wild scene and with all his efforts, could not appreciably diminish the beasts that he warred with, he is gone too, blessed and degraded, his place taken and office usurped by a philistine brother, his most prosaic understudy.

If only the beasts that are perishing had been made by man instead of by God! If Pheidias had created the wapiti or if Michael Angelo had hewn the bison into being!—we would know how to value them then. How reverential would be our attitude, how illuminative our discourse! The "sweep" of that antler! the "pose" of that head, that nostril, that "grand" shoulder! What genius! What creative force! Marvellous!—and they would live, they would be sacred beasts. But, as it is, theirs is only the natural life, the divine life. The artist who made them made Pheidias and Michael Angelo too. Then let them go—and for ever! No critic, no one capable of appreciating a fine work of art will deplore their loss in such circumstances. Such works are not raved over. They are no Goths who break these masterpieces, the masterpieces which bear the subscription "Deus fecit."

But will the man of the future—the "heir of all the ages," ages hence—think thus? Will he not, rather, as he walks with developed faculties and quickened powers of appreciation amidst a nature stripped and plundered by our hands, call this our so mispraised age the age of extermination and curse us, its warders, who, having power to preserve, preserved only the dead works of imitative art (long since crumbled into dust) whilst we let the living art of nature perish under our dull uncomprehending eyes? Better that friezes should be stripped from their Parthenons, better that empires should fall than that one specific form with all its marvel, its beauty, its teaching,

should be artificially helped to extinction. Artists and empires rise again. Man is prolific and dominant. What art, what human greatness, can give us back the humming-bird or the bird-of-paradise? Those "jewels of our Father" are not to be replaced. Once let the "silver chord" of their specific life "be loosed," its "golden bowl be broken" and all is done, all is over. Like Lear's sweet dead Cordelia they'll

"Come no more
Never, never, never, never, never."

Can the world be so full without them?

This train of thought has been arpushed in us by reading Mr. Baillie-Grohmann's "Sport and Life" (he should, rather, say "Death") in Western America, a work certainly excellent of its kind; but in our opinion the world could have better spared its excellence than the living beauty of even one of those heads and antlers which are made ugly in its photographs and vulgar by its measurements.

YORKSHIRE.

"Highways and Byways in Yorkshire." By Arthur H. Norway. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell and Hugh Thomson. London: Macmillan. 1899. 6s.
"By Moor and Fell." By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Illustrated by George Hering. London: Unwin. 1899. 6s.

MR. NORWAY wrote a charming book on Devon and Cornwall in the "Highways and Byways" series, but then he is a Devonian. He is less happy among the Yorkshire tykes. To begin with, the county is too big and too full of interesting places to be disposed of in one volume. The North and West Ridings should have had each a book to itself. Even so, it needs a long and close acquaintance with Yorkshire and Yorkshiremen before one can venture to describe them. Neither the county nor the people are easily accessible. Mr. Norway indeed made the tour of Yorkshire on his "infernal machine"—we wonder by the way how his tires fared in upper Swaledale—but you cannot know Yorkshire on wheels. As far as roads go, our author covered most of the highways, except the coast road from Scarborough to Whitby, the Brontë country, and the wild way up Ribblesdale; but how many of the "Byways" did he explore? He is quite right in saying that the real beauty of the county lies not in its coast scenery but inland; but "inland" is not to be seen adequately from the high roads. He who has not wandered over the desolate fells, and around the lonely tarns, and scrambled down the gills, through the heather, among the boulders of the becks, who has never cast a fly in the foam at the foot of a force, or watched the black cattle on the peat hags, does not know Yorkshire. Mr. Norway was appalled at the desolation (and the vile road) of the "Buttertubs Pass" between Thwaite and Hawes. He should have tried East Stonedale and Tan Hill, or Swinnergill and Old Gang, or even the climb from Askrigg over to Crackpot, if he wished to discover what desolation and hard walking mean. He has shown us the Yorkshire of the tourist and cyclist, the noble ruined castles and exquisite monasteries, the towns and villages, but he has not seen the true unspoiled Yorkshire, the bed-rock, from which the vigorous "tyke" derives his rough manners and his unequalled grit. Yet he passed up Swaledale, where the genuine article is preserved in abundance, and never gave a thought to the wild nature, human and other, around him. The primitive simplicity of Muker and Keld was unnoticed; he never made that delightful ramble by the Lover's Walk to Kildon Force, between the wooded hills, and on to Keld, and the solitary slopes up to Nine Standards Rigg. He never saw the flaxen haired girls, milk-pails slung behind, riding their ponies up the "sides" to where the cows are pastured. In fact he did not see the true dalesman's life, and whoso has not seen that does not know Yorkshire.

Nevertheless Mr. Norway has written a delightful gossip of travel. He has a keen eye for the picturesque in nature and in story, and he can describe the one and tell the other with skill and discernment. His style,

indeed, is too consciously modelled on his favourite Sterne, and we grow restive under a volley of "Alas!" and "Ah!" and "I vow" and "Upon my life," and such invocations as "Ah, strange old Richmond!" or "Dear, kindly people!" But his is nothing if not an egoistic diary of an impressionist, and he carries out his idea of a sentimental journey with much quaint and fanciful humour. Though ill equipped for archaeological or ecclesiastical observation—indeed he vigorously disclaims any desire of edification—Mr. Norway is well read in history, and has a pleasant knack of throwing in a deed of derring-do whenever he has an opening—witness his stories of the garrison of Pontefract Castle. He is overflowing with legends and anecdotes, tales of witchcraft, charms, exorcisms, "waffs," and other mysterious relics of the past, following, he admits, Canon Atkinson's excellent lead. Many of his tales will be new to most readers, but he does not scruple to draw on the hackneyed. He repeats the old heraldic trial of Scrope and Grosvenor and the bend or, and among many less known ballads he quotes the famous adventure of the Felon Sow of Rokeby; on the other hand he spares us that dull rogue, Drunken Barnaby. Old associations, old customs, have a perennial charm for him. He goes to hear the curfew rung at Richmond by the tobacconist whose shop is wedged into the cathedral, and the bell rope hangs by his bed, and he is disappointed that nobody thinks of obeying the summons. He rejoices in the Horner of Bainbridge, and we tremble to break it to him that the ancient horn has long been deposited at Bolton Castle. It is true a new horn has been presented to the village, and may be seen any day in a window by the bridge over the Bain, but as far as we know it has not yet been blown. The old custom was worth recording, all the same, and we hope it may be revived. But Mr. Norway did not "do" his Wensleydale thoroughly. He never saw the trefoil window at Grange, sole relic of the monastery of Force, whence the monks, weary of the wild country, migrated to Jorval (Yorevale), and founded Jervaux Abbey. He omitted to search for the bargist, that fearsome river monster who frequents the Yore, and hunches itself up in the fields by night to terrify stray revellers. He did not test the endless ghost stories that linger round Hawes, and Worton, and many an old hall beside the Yore; nor did he even enter Nappa, the beautiful old seat of the Metcalfes, where the Queen of Scots visited, it is said, and even yet appears between the mullioned windows to sympathetic guests.

After all, you cannot say everything about Yorkshire in 400 pages. Mr. Norway has said a great deal that is true, and not much that is false, and he has said it all in so gallant and chivalrous a way that he carries us along with him, back into the old days of knights or cavaliers, hawberks or ruffles, as the case may be, wherein he delights and which so many a ruined castle and hall in Yorkshire bring to his memory. We only wish his pleasant book were illustrated in the same spirit. Mr. Hugh Thomson contributes some rather pretty fancy drawings of highwaymen and bowling greens and cavaliers and so forth, but Mr. Joseph Pennell's very slight sketches of Yorkshire scenes appear to us to miss the whole spirit of the landscape, while his drawings of buildings and villages are sometimes scarcely recognisable.

On the other hand Mr. George Hering has caught the real Yorkshire atmosphere in his delicious sketches which add so much to the charm of Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's pleasant companion volume. Curiously enough, too, Mr. Sutcliffe fills the most important gap in Mr. Norway's survey. It is odd that the latter should have overlooked what to men of letters is perhaps the most interesting corner of Yorkshire, but the fact remains that Mr. Norway has not a word to say about Haworth or the Brontës. This happens to be Mr. Sutcliffe's pet subject, and a large part of his book is devoted to the wild country between Boulsworth Hill and Bingley Woods. He is an enthusiastic moorman, and sticks to the fells as devotedly as Mr. Norway kept to the roads. No cycle bears him upon his sacred ground, and if his legs are not enough he uses an old-fashioned coach to carry him up to Rhyllston, of White Doe fame, and on to Kettlewell and Buckden (though he missed something by not climbing the Stake).

—which is another reach of country omitted in Mr. Norway's tour. Mr. Sutcliffe knows his bit of Yorkshire well, and what is more he knows Yorkshiremen. His stories have less to do with the mediæval history that attracts Mr. Norway than with the country folk of the last few generations, and he tells them with an understanding appreciation. He knows the twists and dead walls of the Yorkshire mind thoroughly, and his farmers and yokels live in his vivid pages. He is keenly alive to the fascination of old manor-houses, their associations, and their legends, and his pictures of Ponden House and how they laid its ghost, of Marley Hall, and a dozen other vestiges of the past, are full of sympathetic beauty. There are some fine tales, too, about old Parson Grimshaw, who used to leave his church before the sermon, armed with a hunting crop, to drive shamefast tipplers from tavern to church, and then and there preached at them. Another interesting example of strongmindedness is seen in old Threelaps of Oakworth Moor, who, being crossed in love, vowed he would go to bed and never get up again: he remained in bed for fifty years save one, and when they came to bury him they had to bear him through the window, so much had sloth enlarged his natural girth. Mr. Sutcliffe knows all about the ghosts of his country, not merely Hob and Churnmilk Peg, but the bargist (though we think he errs in spelling it "barguest") which seems to be as well known in South Yorkshire as by the banks of the Yore. He can also tell history, when it comes his way, and his chapters on Skipton and the Cliffords, from Fair Rosamond (whom he unduly exalts to a pedestal beside Mary Stuart and Prince Charlie) to the "Butcher," the "Shepherd Lord" who fought at Flodden, and the "Sailor Earl" who commanded the "Elizabeth Bonaventure" against the Armada, are excellently reduced from the larger canvas of Whitaker's "Craven," supplemented by the Dictionary of National Biography. For the rest Mr. Sutcliffe is every whit as egoistical as his fellow-writer. His is equally a sentimental journey, and though he does not emulate Sterne, he sometimes irritates one by rhetorical and rather amateurish affectations of style and by an intolerable deal of prosing about what Emily Brontë might have thought in certain scenes and situations. We sympathise with the old keeper who groaned over his troubles since the Brontë pilgrimages became the fashion. Mr. Sutcliffe must restrain his tendency to muse—and gush. But there is pith in his book, and real knowledge of the fells and the folk, and we feel as we read him, after Mr. Norway, that he resembles the excellent liquor which distinguished the "Black Bull" of Haworth in Branwell Brontë's time. "Th' beer is noan what it war," said Dick o' th' Clough. "I mind th' time when th' 'Bull' water ran right through th' Kirkyard—thick an' strong it war, afore iver it touched th' malt. I tell ye, th' beer hed body in't, them days"—and so has "Moor and Fell."

SIGNS OF CHANGE.

"Dictionary of Political Economy." Vol. III. Edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave. London: Macmillan. 1899. 21s. net.

IT is a relief to meet with a volume published in the natural course of events and marking the epoch by its own character rather than by the intention of the editor. A well-edited dictionary on any subject is a better guide to the progress of the age than the best of monographs. An economist of the older generation, presented with a copy of the new dictionary, would be roused to wrath. There on the cover is the familiar name, "Political Economy," giving promise of good matter within; but he is doomed to disappointment. He will search in vain for clear dogmatic propositions, spun out in the privacy of the study, and boldly advanced as the necessary truths of science. Instead, he will find a collection of historical and biographical articles, of dry facts and statistics, of varying opinions, with but small trace of definite system or coherent doctrine. His reign is over. We refuse to be dominated any longer by abstractions. Doubtless these still have their place,

though not the place of honour, in the compendium of the science; but they are relegated to their proper functions. They are mere hypotheses, true only when entirely separated from the realities of life. The science of Economics has become concrete, tentative, split up into sections. We no longer propound universal theories; we humbly investigate facts. The science cannot even define itself or its scope. Its subject matter is no longer simply wealth; it concerns itself with most of the important social activities of man. The older Political Economy has become a mere subordinate department of the new study of Economics.

The articles of the dictionary afford abundant evidence of the change which has taken place. History, in one form or another, claims a large portion of its pages. To the abstract economist, habit and custom, social and political environment, are trifles of no account. We may hold if we please that as a guide to the present the economic history of the past is of little or no value; that the conditions of the modern problem are of a new and unparalleled kind; but at any rate the admission of history, as an important element in the mass of economic material, carries with it the confession that our science is not absolute but relative to its age. If the ideas of the nineteenth century alone are true, why study the error of the past? Astrology and alchemy are only the amusement of the curious: the same should be the fate of pseudo-economics. Yet we study the past more and more, as this volume bears witness; and by so doing we confess that our present ideas, even if true to the conditions of to-day, may be false to those of to-morrow. The confession of fallibility goes further. The economic system is relative to its locality no less than to its era. The space devoted in the dictionary to foreign schools of thought, is proof, if proof were needed, that the English economist is beginning to see that the ideas which he has developed in his particular environment are not of necessity true, even for the present, in other civilised countries. He is beginning to realise the infinite variety of conditions, which cannot be defined as economic but of which economics must take account. The rifleman who sights his weapon in accordance with the pure theory of dynamics and makes no account of the resisting medium is not likely to hit the mark: the abstract thinker who deliberately neglects the limitation of his hypotheses by the actual conditions of society has even less prospect of reaching the truth. Economists as a class are in a fair way to recognise this fact. Indeed, the study of a minute area, a small collection of co-related phenomena, seems to be superseding to an undue extent the broad generalisation in which the earlier generation took delight. The statistician does not need to be equipped with a small arsenal of economic theories; yet the use of statistics is taking an even higher place in the studies of the economist. In short, the ultimate hypothesis of the old method is tottering to its fall. We no longer say that our ideal economic man must act in a particular fashion: we set ourselves to find out how the actual man behaves under given conditions. We go even further. We are beginning to doubt the general principle of *laissez faire*; we are tending more and more to the belief that it is possible to modify the so-called laws of political economy in accordance with ideals and standards of which the economist, as such, knows nothing.

NATIONAL GALLERIES PROCESSED.

"The National Gallery." Edited by Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A., &c. London: Cassell. 1899.
 "National Worthies; being a Selection from the National Portrait Gallery." Westminster: Archibald Constable and Co. 1899.

THIS is a complete illustrated catalogue of the National Gallery. Opposite the particulars relating to each picture extracted from the official catalogue figures a photographic reproduction of the picture itself. Such a catalogue is obviously desirable for purposes of reference, and the director of our National Gallery may be congratulated on being first in the field with a model

that will be followed, sooner or later, by the curators of all the great collections. Over this model he has spent some thought and pains. Text and blocks are ingeniously dovetailed so that the notice of every picture but one in the book faces the page on which it appears. Another principle held by is that no picture is printed so that the book need be turned in the hands. These two rules of convenience have reduced many of the blocks to a very small size; pictures of the "landscape" shape suffer in comparison with those of "portrait" shape, and many works are docked of the size their relative importance would give them. But the point after all is to recall the identity and main features of each work; for detailed study large photographs must be procured. Even so the reproductions given are remarkably clear and must have been printed with great care. (Mr. Edwin Bale has superintended this part of the work.) In some cases (e.g. the famous Van Eyck and the Madonna of the Rocks) the full page has been given to a reproduction.

Sir Edward Poynter touches on these points in a preface. The attributions, except in a few cases, are those of the existing catalogue. The official judgment gives way reluctantly to new criticism in this matter, and the school of Morelli has only made a few breaches in the conservative view. Sir Edward Poynter is more easily shaken outside of the Italian schools. He has been convinced that the "Nativity" ascribed to Velasquez is by Zurbaran, and he quotes with respect the view of Señor Beruete (misprinted Bernete; "Palornino" in the same paragraph is also a misprint) that the "Admiral" is by Del Mazo. Mr. Armstrong made the same proposition about the full-length "Philip." Mazo is in the way of quite undeserved good luck for the moment. The forged Mazo of the National Gallery is we observe markedly queried now. Sir Edward Poynter adds in a few cases a more personal note to the official. These are chiefly by way of calling attention to masterpieces, but in one or two cases as in the recently bought "Canaletto," challenged in our columns, they are by way of defence. The note on the Goyas is rather amusing. "Goya," says Sir Edward, "is one of those artists whose merits have been greatly overrated by a certain school of French critics. These three pictures . . . are, each in its way, good representative examples of his work." We can read between the lines here the sad case of a director sent to buy examples of a painter outside the range of his sympathies, and defending ill-chosen examples at the cost of the painter's reputation. Such a "boutade" is ill-placed.

The scheme and execution of the book are then excellent, let alone a few disputable points; but we have a word to say about the price. The three volumes are to cost £7 7s. and are described as an "édition de luxe" "limited to 1,000 copies." All this is rather absurd. The "luxury" would seem to consist in an extra allowance of glazy margin, the "limit" of the edition is ample indeed, and when we consider the price at which similar reproductions of Academy exhibitions are every year put forth the cost must appear excessive. Books like this could be produced at a comparatively trifling cost if the State museums kept the publishing business in their own hands, and paid no more than the true market price for reproduction. The restrictions with which South Kensington for example has hampered itself are ludicrous. We are not blaming Messrs. Cassell for making the most of the official stamp to sell their book; the public will go on buying such "éditions de luxe" till their production has been overdone and prices collapse. But the publishing side of all our museums calls for revision of system and development. A book like this ought to be a property of the National Gallery and a source of revenue. At Kensington it ought to be possible to buy photographs over the counter instead of waiting for them to be printed, and the department ought to be free to publish in the way most useful and least costly to the buyer. The value of the collections would in this way be vastly multiplied.

"National Worthies" is another "édition de luxe" of process blocks, priced £2 2s. It is not a complete catalogue of the collection (154 is the number given) and it is not official. By way of amends we have a cover made up to look like a tooled binding,

and a "decorative" title-page in a quite different style. The title is also "decorative" after this fashion:—

N A T I O
N A L · W
O R T H I E
S · B E I N G

the inscriptional manner in fact of Bill Stumps.

The National Portrait Gallery is an uncomfortable institution. It possesses a small number of masterpieces of painting which ought to be in an artistic collection like the National Gallery. It possesses a much greater number of libels and caricatures which ought not to be exhibited publicly and thus pervert our ideas about the dead. They might be stored under a system of careful supervision, accessible only to historical students, as are collections of scandalous pamphlets in a library. It would go against the scrupulous modern grain to destroy the daubs we possess of the ancients, but there can be no excuse for collecting daubs of moderns. The staple of the Gallery in its contemporary part ought to be collections of photographs bound up in volumes; the bad picture has no claim to preservation if we have those exact documents as to likeness.

The book before us contains reproductions of some of the good and tolerable portraits, also a great many that one would gladly pay something never to have seen.

MEDIOCRITY IN VERSE.

"Myth and Romance." By Madison Cawein. London and New York: Putnam. 1899. 5s.; \$1.00.

"The Hidden Tide." By Roderic Quinn. Sydney: The Bulletin Press. 1899.

"The Hill of Visions." By J. H. Lenane. London: Kegan Paul. 1899. 5s. net.

"Laurel Leaves." By Robert Wilson. London: Constable. 1899. 5s.

"Poems and Songs of Degrees." By Robert J. Glencairn. London: Arnold. 1899. 5s. net.

"For England." By Lady Lindsay. London: Hatchards. 1900. 6d.

AS a poet Mr. Madison Cawein is partially redeemed by an ear for rhythm, some freshness, and occasional felicities of phrase. We say redeemed, because his work in body is of an order specially apt to irritate, even for minor verse. His muse is sensuous and goes in extensively for colour, much of it local, as Mr. Cawein hails from Kentucky and is well up in the fauna and flora of that region. The human interest, as usual with verse of this stamp, is chiefly erotic, though sometimes by a convention no less familiar love has for company death and the perplexity of things in general. All this implies weakness of thought, and the style lacks distinction to carry it off successfully. One small song entitled "Morgan le Fay" supplies rather a good test of the writer. In metre and manner the poem is imitated from "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"—about as obvious an imitation as we have seen—and is well enough done to make the distance from the model impressive. For all that the book has qualities, and contains attempt, if not achievement, somewhat above the common run. If the defects we find in these pieces could be taken as a youthful phase the promise might be considerable. But Mr. Cawein has written much already, and we have the right by this time to expect something more vertebrate, if he is to take a place in literature.

The choir of small voices from far countries appears just now to be numerous. Mr. Roderic Quinn, as the title of his slight and oddly printed volume indicates, gets most of his inspiration from the sea. His verses however have nothing tempestuous in the way of power, being mostly of a mild and figurative kind, with now and then a touch of nautical extravagance in description. He is better when he leaves the sea well alone, and so spares us phrases like

"On velvet moved
The silky, sucking tide."

This sort of thing, and a queer habit of dropping unexpectedly into prose, spoil his work fatally. What makes it not wholly unworthy of notice is a certain

thin streak of imagination that suggests unrealised faculty. This impression is confirmed by the last of his pieces, "The Camp Within the West," a simple but rather striking little poem in its way, that stands out sharply from the others.

More Australian verse is contained in the "Hill of Visions." Some of the visions are very remarkable indeed:—

"Lo, as I watched, I suddenly
Became full conscious that the mighty depths
Were being obscured by a peculiar mist
That issued from the various strata in
The awful walls."

The constant practice of ending lines with prepositions (in this blank verse it occurs about one line in ten) is we trust peculiar to the "Hill of Visions." We should be sorry to think it diffused to any extent throughout the Colonies. When the poet abandons the 'Ercles vein and takes to rhymed satire his work is distinctly less unreadable.

"Laurel Leaves" and "Poems and Songs of Degrees" may be taken together as good types of a kind of thing that is perpetually meeting one in minor verse. About a dozen such volumes are before us. What impels the writers to break into song it is hopeless to inquire. There is fluency, the diction is free from solecisms, the thought is in the last degree harmless. The total result is a mixture of piety, philosophy, and passable metre which baffles review for sheer lack of characteristic. Mr. Wilson for example, who is much addicted to capitals, observes:—

"Behind the veil of the Phenomenal
The Holiest in the depths of Being hides."

Even the unconscious humour is feeble. After a few score of lines of which these are typical one begins to feel that nonsense of a striking kind would be almost endearing.

Though the claim to notice of Lady Lindsay's verses "For England" is no more than ephemeral we willingly call attention to them at this moment. The theme of the stanzas will appeal to everyone. The wife of a soldier away at the front gives utterance to her desolate anxiety tinged with memories of her love and fine womanly fortitude. This is a difficult theme to touch worthily in verse—the more difficult just now when we feel it to be painfully real and simple. It is unfortunate that the opening lines of this poem should be conspicuously the weakest. On the whole the verses are informed with natural feeling, and this along with the timely intention inclines us to forgive the frequent lapses of the style.

NOVELS.

"Maitland of Cortezia." By Francis Lavallin Puxley. London: Grant Richards. 1900. 6s.

It is decidedly unfortunate when a novelist who determines to write about a colonial governor happens to be in a blank state of ignorance as to the most elementary facts of our colonial system. We have ceased to expect any acquaintance with the most ordinary rules of the etiquette usually observed in any Government house, but Mr. or Miss Puxley—a casual description of cigar-smoking suggests a lady's hand—ought to know that British colonies are not administered by the Foreign Office, that it is no part of the business of legislative councils to put down riots, that the local superintendent of police is not, as a rule, the principal official in a colony, and incidentally is not likely either to be in telegraphic communication with the nearest admiral or to be able to address the Administrator by his surname. We raise these possibly pedantic objections because there is much vigour and picturesqueness in "Maitland of Cortezia," and if, as we imagine, it is a first book, it is perhaps worth while to remind the author of the intense trouble which Stevenson used to take in order to secure accuracy on small points of fact. The book ends with a note of interrogation: we do not feel such an ending to be "artistic," and cannot help thinking that the writer had got the characters into such a tangle that she had to leave the reader to unravel them.

"Folly Corner." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

"The Maternity of Hariott Wicken" was accepted as a powerful book. Everybody must have thought it unpleasant, with its almost Zolaesque harping on one ugly fact, which is allowed and even intended to colour every line of the story. The present book is depressing, but not only depressing. It is unusual, striking, even fascinating. Pamela gets hold of the imagination so strongly that the reader feels himself longing for "a happy ending" like a child with a fairy-tale. Her simple-hearted country lover and the flashy, tenth-rate scamp that she loves stand out in clever contrast. There is a new psychological idea in her passion for the scamp which lasts all through her loathing of his nature but dies instantly with his own death. While he lived he made her false to everything she valued. When he died, she did not even grieve for him. "I can't feel" she said. . . . "I'm not sorry; I'm not ashamed; I'm not even glad. I'm only free." Gainah, the horrible old woman with her senile passion for her master and murderous jealousy of Pamela, is haunting in her impressiveness. We shall be greatly surprised if Mrs. Dudeney does not become a force in literature soon, if her novels come up to this level.

"Sir Walter's Wife: a Story of Two Reigns." By Emily Richings. London: Drane. 1900. 6s.

First books of promise are always attractive to the explorative critic, eager to claim the title of discoverer in the realms of literature. Miss Richings is a new writer and her work shows considerable promise. Her style tends a little to the portentous but is easy to read, and is frequently picturesque. Her subject is romantic and is handled with a fair amount of dramatic skill. Her industry is all that could be desired by the most patient of researchers. She tells the story of the love—she rejects the idea of intrigue—of Sir Walter Raleigh and Bess Throgmorton, and her preface makes it clear that she has gone not only to the highest authorities but to original sources for her data. Thus she has secured the Marquis of Salisbury's permission to copy Lady Raleigh's letters at Hatfield. If this care sometimes imparts an air of serious history to her novel, the events with which she deals are so striking in themselves that the story remains of exceeding interest. Miss Richings has caught the atmosphere of the "spacious times," and we feel throughout the book "the quickening and fructifying power" of Elizabeth's influence on the national mind.

"Pharaoh's Broker." By Ellsworth Douglass. London: Pearson. 1900. 6s.

It is really true that an embargo were placed upon stories of submerged continents and distant planets. A Chicago stockbroker is trying enough in this world, and it is not fair to expect a reader to accompany such a person on a tedious voyage to Mars, and to watch his dull adventures among Martians more wearisome than himself. The civilisation of Mars is, we find, a counterpart of that of ancient Egypt. But Mr. Douglass possesses neither sufficient knowledge of ancient Egypt, nor sufficient imagination, to construct a readable story. His novel merely creates in the reader an admiration for Jules Verne. Isidor Werner, the hero, is like Shelley's Peter Bell the Third. The dullness of the work is once broken by a glaring example of bad taste, but the author hastily repents and returns to his monotony.

"The Yellow Badge." By Miss Jean Middlemass. Digby, Long. London. 1899.

Miss Jean Middlemass has long been a favourite with a certain class of readers—the class which does not want to think, and does not much care whether it is amused or not. In "The Yellow Badge," we have a returned, and finally, penitent, convict, a rascally lawyer, and a very weak but well-intentioned young hero, who bears a burden of guilt for some years, which ought to have fallen on the head of the lawyer. There are two heroines, who, between them, clear the innocent man, and the volume closes with marriage bells. This worn-out material is relieved by one or two dramatic incidents which however serve no particular purpose.

"A Bitter Heritage." By John Bloundelle Burton. London: Cassell. 1899. 6s.

Affectation in style is seldom pardonable; least of all when it leads to absurdities of expression that almost amount to grammatical errors. The hero, when staggering under the weight of an unexpected misfortune, exclaims feelingly, if colloquially, "Blow as this is—yet—tell me all"! The scene is laid in British Honduras, and the horrible pitfalls, which at every turn wait to ensnare and kill the hero, are robbed of their excitement by a dull inward certainty, that anybody of even less intelligence must have seen through them all.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Village Communities in India." By B. H. Baden-Powell. London: Sonnenschein. 1899. 2s. 6d.

Their charm of style, their clearness and their originality have made Sir Henry Maine's writings on village communities almost as much articles of faith as Macaulay's monographs on some episodes of Indian history. Mr. Baden-Powell has set himself to correct the errors into which Maine was misled by imperfect acquaintance with the facts concerning the growth and constitution of the Indian village, just as Sir John Strachey and Sir James Stephen have demonstrated the true history of the Rohilla war and the true character of Impey. Nevertheless the public continue to read Maine and to accept his inductions from erroneous or insufficient data, just as they continue to read Macaulay and to neglect Strachey and Stephen. There will be the less excuse now that Mr. Baden-Powell has undertaken in this valuable little work to put his corrections of Maine's theories in very brief limits and in as popular a form as the technical character of the subject admits. The present volume is a résumé of the larger works he has produced on the subject. There can be no doubt that if Sir H. Maine had possessed the fuller authorities and the wider research which Mr. Baden-Powell commands he would have modified many of his conclusions. Mr. Baden-Powell has studied the subject on the spot and has devoted to it the life-long observation of an acute and temperate mind. He is able to show that community of ownership and cultivation do not belong to the typical form of Indian village but that the "severalty" type is both earlier in origin and much more widely prevalent than the communal or joint type which Sir H. Maine assumed to be the earliest form of the village community and to indicate an Aryan origin. It must sometimes be puzzling to the reader to keep clearly before his mind the distinction between joint cultivation and joint proprietorship and to observe that the latter may survive where the former has ceased to exist. Outside the Panjab, the tenure by peasant proprietors each cultivating his own land (Bhaiachara) has become comparatively rare and the unfortunate tendency of our revenue laws has been to efface it. Mr. Baden-Powell's book comes opportunely when the Government of India has at last made an earnest and practical effort to go back on its early legislation, which was conceived in ignorance of the true history of land tenures and the constitution of village communities.

"French History for Schools." By Katharine Stephen. London: Macmillan. 1899. 3s. 6d.

Miss Katharine Stephen has done well to republish Miss Sarah Brooks' "French History for English Children" which came out some years ago. The book was originally intended as a sort of Little Arthur's French History and as such has proved well adapted to interest the small folk for whom it was written. Miss Stephen has changed its title into "History for Schools" and added some useful maps and tables of dates. In its new shape the volume seems thoroughly suitable for junior forms, in which a rough notion of French history may be required. It would probably be of greater service than other more ambitious publications. For our part we are always doubtful of the value of any knowledge of French history beyond a smattering, except for the really serious student. The whole History of France as arranged in usum scholarum is one interminable hurly-burly of wars, risings, massacres, and sieges. Little educational good can come to any pupil from a mere detailed study of these sterile-correlated facts. A far more profound examination of the French nation is necessary for those who wish to obtain a true notion of its ideal development, and that can only be attempted with success by the older pupils.

"From Sea to Sea." By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan. 1900. 2 vols. 6s. each.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been driven by the propensity of American purveyors and amenders of the works of English authors to reprint these earliest efforts as they originally appeared. The two volumes comprise mainly notes of travel and of time spent on "swift shuttles of an Empire's loom, that weave us main to main." Mr. Kipling's youthful notes are not unamusing; they are not of exceptional merit, though they show a certain keenness of observation and a decided capacity for seizing salient if not necessarily essential points. They who

would consider it an offence against themselves not to read all that has ever come from the Kipling pen will extract no small pleasure from tracing in these volumes the genesis of many of the more familiar features of Mr. Kipling's later work.

"The Stamp Laws." By Nathaniel J. Highmore. London: Stevens and Sons, Ltd. 1900. 10s. 6d.

The lawyer knows that often the most tiresome and irritating points arise under the Stamp Acts which he would be glad to escape if the consequences were not so serious. And where is the expert on stamp laws to be found if not in the department of the Inland Revenue? This book is the work of such an expert, Mr. Highmore, Assistant-Solicitor of Inland Revenue, and it is dedicated to Sir Henry William Primrose the Chairman of the Board. All the Acts are given, the cases brought down to date, and Mr. Highmore has utilised his experience in the working and consolidation of the Stamp Laws so thoroughly that the whole apparatus of the book is successfully planned for practical and easy reference.

"War with the Boers," by Harold Brown, Vol. 1 (London: Virtue. 10s. 6d. net) is an admirably illustrated account of our past and present troubles with the South African republics. The author takes a picturesque view of his subject, and urges that Great Britain has now once and for all to prove that she is the strongest power in South Africa. In doing so she will show that Right and Might, on this occasion at least, are convertible terms. The first volume contains excellent portraits of Lord Roberts, Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Kruger.

"The Official Year-Book of the Church of England" (London: S.P.C.K. 1900. 3s.) as usual is a carefully prepared record of the work of the Church in all parts of the world. The volume is a most valuable work of reference and as the editorial preface says: "The testimonies of this book are again commended to the judgment and thoughtful consideration of all who can recognise the influence which the work and faith of the English Church should and must have in moulding the life and character of the Nation."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

La Petite Bohème. By Armand Charpentier. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900. 3f. 50c.

Not only dedicated to Émile Zola is this remarkable novel, but founded on that master's principles and carried on in his absorbing style. With mediocre authors so plain an imitation would be irritating; M. Charpentier, however, possesses all the skill and art of a veritable realist and acquires himself most successfully of a difficult and delicate task. As in "Pot-Bouille" he has chosen one vast house and concerned himself chiefly with its inmates. It stands off the Avenue Clichy; the characters belong to a poor and sordid class, and there are twenty of them or more. On the basement, we find the concierge and her son and daughter, the Sacrons. Above is Père Vincent, a ruined littérateur, and his faithful secretary, Lefort. Higher still are the Blairots; then Madame Bascoul; then M. and Madame Charles and their two children; then Père Menuisier, a drunkard; then several others who play less important parts. None provides sensational incidents or scenes: you have merely a faithful and absorbing picture of their life. Like all concierges, the Veuve Sacron is a gossip. She announces at once that her daughter (Léonie) is in love with Émile, a bastard son of Madame Bascoul; she would have her marry Marjolais fils, heir of a wretched grocery store—her son, Grand-Galeux, also wishes this to be because he could then drink litres and chew dried fruits at the épicerie for nothing. And so the Veuve Sacron and Grand-Galeux refuse to consent to Léonie's alliance with Émile; and so they—passionately devoted to one another—do without it and leave the house and live illicitly together. Émile loses his situation; can find no other, and is reduced like Léonie to making veils. He is paid badly for them; and he is clumsy. All but the Veuve Sacron call on the young ménage, and sympathise. Over the way, Grand-Galeux and his mother entertain the inmates of the house, and flatter Marjolais fils and declare that Léonie is but Émile's mistress and that he will soon tire of her and that she will come back only too willing to marry the heir of the épicerie. Père Vincent, the ruined littérateur, dies; and his secretary, Lefort, finds himself out of employment. He has known better days. He has been a viveur in his time. He is old now, and decrepit. No one will engage him; and so Lefort wanders eternally and seeks sobs by leaving poetry at houses and calling for a "reply;" and is snubbed often and insulted sometimes and remunerated very rarely. Madame Blairot only gossips with the Veuve Sacron; so does Madame Bascoul who has charge of an illegitimate son of some demi-mondaine, a bright boy, "le jeune Woodward." Madame Charles is engaged as superintendant of a brothel; but she is pure herself and adores her children and brings them up carefully, while M. Charles takes them out every day, watches them play with pails, rejoices over their patterns in the dust, gives them tea, puts them to bed, reads peacefully until it is time to prepare supper, and reads again until his wife comes home. Then, they sup amiably together, talking of their "deux gosses." Père Menuisier—a

singer at the opera once—chants in churches; and he talks to himself and sings to himself and weeps as he recalls past triumphs and weeps again when his parrot dies and puts on his best clothes to carry it out into the garden where he digs its grave. Grand-Galeux idles and drinks; the country attracts him: he loves to disappear suddenly and inhale the pure air of lanes and fields. All the time Émile and Léonie labour bravely. Often, someone gives a feast in the great gaunt house off the Avenue Clichy to which all the inmates are invited. Everybody gossips. Everybody is polite. Everybody helps lay and clear the table. Sometimes, a relation dies. Then everyone follows the hearse and condoles with the chief mourners and strives to cheer them up at the luncheon or dinner that invariably follows. Harmony reigns in the house; the poverty of some, the sordid profession of others, the appalling métier of Madame Charles, notwithstanding. Opposite, from his dim shop, Marjolais fils watches Léonie. And he sees that she loves Émile still and that Émile loves her, and that both are only waiting for the Veuve Sacron's consent to be legally united. And he respects Léonie all the more, and recognises that his case is hopeless. Still, the Veuve Sacron refuses her consent even when old and exhausted she lies in the hospital. Léonie must marry Marjolais fils, she declares: she would be better off then and happier. And she dies protesting this; but to no avail. Émile and Léonie still believe in one another, still love one another: and look forward to the early day when they shall kneel together before the altar. M. Charles still watches over his children, while his wife follows her infamous métier. Père Menuisier still talks to himself, sings to himself, weeps over his past triumphs and the death of his bird. Grand-Galeux still disappears suddenly to loiter in lanes and fields. Lefort still wanders, still leaves poetry at houses, still calls for a reply, still receives snubs often, insults sometimes, remuneration very very rarely. And so the book closes not with a tragedy or a mediocre "making-up," but naturally. The inmates of the great gaunt house off the Avenue Clichy do not change with the death of the Veuve Sacron, or go off, or reform. They remain where they are; there, they live on. Émile and Léonie will marry: that is all we know of their future. Grand-Galeux will wander eternally; so will Lefort. The rest will remain socially and amiably together, a dozen families: going forth each morning to their business sordid or infamous, returning every night unharmed by it, visiting, helping, consoling one another. Just as they sympathised with Émile and Léonie, so will they sympathise again. Just as they consoled Père Menuisier when he lost his parrot, so will they console even more. And as we ourselves view this mode impartially, we feel that we know it and that we understand it and that we have to congratulate M. Charpentier on an undeniably great book.

Théâtre de Émile Bergerat. Troisième volume. Paris: Ollendorff. 3f. 50c.

It is not pleasant always to read plays that you have seen: but those of M. Bergerat are so perfectly constructed that a return to them is never a trial, never a disappointment, never a bore. In this third volume, he gives "Myrane" (so successfully produced at the Théâtre Libre), "Le Premier Baiser" (one of the most appreciated pieces in the répertoire of the Comédie Française), "Le Capitaine Fracasse" (which restored fortune for some time to the unhappy Odéon), and still two others. We have remarked before upon the lack of offensive incidents and startling scenes that has always characterised M. Bergerat's powerful plays; and we have to declare once more that the author of "Plus que Reine" should have a wholesome and beneficial influence on those modern French dramatists who, by their cynicism and obscenity, have done much harm to the boulevard and even outlying theatres.

Paris de 1800-1900. Edited by Charles Simond. Paris: Plon. 1900. 1f. 75c. net.

The fourth number of this valuable and interesting publication deals with the first four years of the reign of Louis XVIII. An able article on the social circles, literary life, and general atmosphere of Paris at that time occupies the place of honour; then come portraits of celebrities, official, literary, and theatrical, and a series of prints descriptive of scenes in the streets. Plans of Paris follow, and fashion-plates. Coins are reproduced, and medals. The principal pictures of the Salon from 1815-1819, and caricatures as well, have their place. And to all this, M. Simond has added a table of dates of the principal events that took place each year.

Le Salon de la Vieille Dame à la Tête de Bois. By Firmin Maillard. Paris: Olivier Afolter. 1899. 10f.

After a contemptuous reference to the "salons" of the seventeenth century, the author of this conceited little volume declares that the Académie Française is the only veritable "salon" that has ever existed. Oddly enough, he criticises its past and present members most harshly and with a condescension that is at once irritating. No one, we imagine, will be interested in this pretentious little publication. Its publisher is to be sympathised with, for he has evidently gone to much trouble and expense over the cover and printing.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 Mars, 1900.

An interesting number. We have the third instalment of M. André Bellessort's luminous series of articles on Japan, the fourth by Le Comte d'Haussonville on Louis XIV.'s alliance with Savoy; but, of several papers of exceptional merit, the English reader will probably select for particular attention that of M. André Lebon on "La Mission Marchand et le Cabinet Méline." M. Lebon's brutal treatment, when he was at the Colonial Ministry, of the unfortunate Dreyfus will not have prejudiced English readers in his favour, but he makes no concealment as to the views with which the Mission was undertaken; his only object is to defend himself against the charge of throwing obstacles in its way. His cynical avowal of the instructions given to M. Marchand to make friends with such enemies of all civilisation as the Mahdists is commentary enough on the colonial methods of some, though not all, French Ministries.

Revue des Revues. 15 Mars. 1f. 30c.

To examine what historical authority there is for the popular legend of Rousseau's cruel desertion of his children is the theme of Mrs. Frederika Macdonald's article in the current number of this review. In this inquiry, Mrs. Macdonald recognises that two questions must be considered separately: whether Rousseau had any children by Thérèse Levasseur? or whether the existence of these children was a myth invented in the first instance by Thérèse for the purpose of binding him to her, and afterwards favoured by Grimm and Diderot with the design of compelling their former friend to renounce the disinterested independence which they viewed as a tacit reproach to their own interested schemes for patronage? And then there is the grave question of Rousseau's moral responsibility. The article contains eloquence and knowledge, and impartial readers may gather from its perusal that the adopted theories about Jean-Jacques Rousseau stand in need of revision.

Revue de Paris. 15 Mars. 2f. 50c.

A highly critical article on Mr. Cecil Rhodes will no doubt convey the impression (to ignorant French readers) that he is the real cause of the war in South Africa. M. Marcel Prévost's novel is admirable, possibly the best thing he has done.

Revue Bleue. 17 Mars. 60c.

While most Parisian newspapers and even reviews are given to inserting the highly flattering advertisements that publishers issue with their books, the "Revue Bleue" maintains its independence and criticises fearlessly and well. M. Beaunier is responsible for this department, and accomplishes his task with much skill. Zadig with his "Silhouettes Parisiennes" is always amusing.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. EVELYN CECIL is among the "topical" authors with a book entitled "On the Eve of the War" which Mr. John Murray hopes to publish next week. It is the outcome of a journey, made by the author and his wife through Cape Colony, Natal, the Republics and Rhodesia. Mr. Evelyn Cecil saw and conversed with all the chief persons in the country and actually had an interview with Mr. Kruger on the day on which the President of the Transvaal sent his ultimatum to England. He was in Ladysmith when war was declared. The book is illustrated with photographs and sketches. Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil are already represented respectively in the book world by a short history of primogeniture and a history of gardening in England.

War finds an echo or reflection in most of the publishers' lists. On Tuesday Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. will have ready Dr. Conan Doyle's "The Green Flag" a volume of short stories in which the field of battle and that of sport are principal themes. Dr. Doyle, who is on his way to the front with Mr. Longman's Field Hospital, has come to the conclusion, it seems, that these short ventures in fiction are the fittest survivors of those he has written during the last six years. Forty years ago the Prince of Wales visited Canada, where he was the guest of Sir George Simpson "the King of the Fur Trade." His Royal Highness has just accepted "as a souvenir of that interesting visit" a copy of Mr. Beckles Willson's "The Great Company."

Vol. VI. of the Haworth Edition of "The Life and Works of the Sisters Brontë"—Anne Brontë's "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall"—is due on Monday. It will include a portrait of Miss Anne Brontë, a facsimile of the title-page of the first edition of the work and six full-page illustrations. The preface to the second edition, in which the author meets the charge brought against her of excessive realism, is reprinted. Vol. VII. of the edition comprising Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" with an Introduction and Biographical Notes by Mr. Clement Shorter will be published at the end of April.

On Monday next the penultimate volume of "The Dictionary of National Biography" (Williamson-Worden) will be ready

(Continued on page 372.)

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The last volume will be published in June. The "supplemental volume" which will naturally be looked forward to with special interest is not to be expected till the end of the year. The publishers Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. also announce as nearly ready Mr. P. A. Molteno's "The Life and Times of Sir John Charles Molteno, K.C.M.C., First Premier of the Cape Colony." This work will be in two volumes.

The eagerness of the public to obtain books on the war may be gauged by the fact that Messrs. Chapman and Hall have, in consequence of the great demand for Mr. Bennet Burleigh's narrative of "The Natal Campaign," had to postpone publication of the work until Monday. Mr. Howard Hensman's "History of Rhodesia" will be issued by Messrs. Blackwood after Easter. On Monday Messrs. Blackwood will publish the initial volume of Mr. Andrew Lang's "History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation." This volume takes the reader down to the death of Cardinal Beaton. The same firm have in preparation Sir Joseph Fayrer's "Recollections"; Sir William Kennedy's reminiscences of fifty years in the Royal Navy, "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor!"; a book on Ruskin by Mrs. Meynell (an addition to the "Modern English Writers" series); and "Talks with Old English Cricketers" by A. W. Pullin. Mr. Pullin is "Old Ebor" of the "Yorkshire Post" and a well-known sporting journalist.

"Notes on the War," with an account of the present campaign down to the relief of Ladysmith, will be issued immediately by Messrs. Macmillan. The book is made up of selected articles from the pen of the "Daily News" military "expert," who has dealt with the technical details and the narrative of the campaign separately. To their well-known "Eversley Series" Messrs. Macmillan are about to add, under the title of "Pausanias and other Greek Sketches," the introduction by Mr. J. G. Frazer to his great commentary on "Pausanias," and also various passages descriptive of famous Greek scenes and sites selected from the commentary itself. The volume will further include, by permission of Messrs. Black, Mr. Frazer's article on "Pericles," contributed to the last edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica." At the end of April or in the beginning of May Messrs. Macmillan hope to have ready Professor Bury's new "History of Greece," which covers the period from the earliest known times down to the death of Alexander the Great.

Messrs. Dent have begun the publication of a series of small primers on great subjects written by leading authorities. The aim of the publishers is to make their series international by enlisting the services of scholars of all countries. M. Gaston Paris will write on "Medieval French Literature;" and it is hoped that Prof. Villari will contribute a primer on "The Italian Renaissance;" while in Germany the publishers have entered into close relationship with Messrs. Goschen with reference to their allied scheme of science and other primers.

Not the least interesting of the projects taken in hand by Mr. Swan Sonnenschein will be a work in three volumes dealing with the history of notable phrases. In the origin of phrases it would appear modern journalists are in a way rivals of the Greek and Latin authors. Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. have in preparation Vol. II. of Mr. Budgett Meakin's three-volume work on Morocco. The new volume will deal more particularly with the geography of the land of the Moors. From the same firm may also be expected shortly (1) "Fort St. George: a Short History of Our First Possession in India," by Mrs. Frank Penny, who is already known as the writer of two novels of Anglo-Indian life ("The Romance of a Nautch Girl" and "Caste and Creed"), and is the wife of the Rev. Frank Penny, garrison chaplain of Fort St. George; (2) "Some Social and Political Pioneers of the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. Ramsden Balmforth; (3) "Our Records of the Nativity," by Mr. James Thomas who herein replies to Professor Ramsay's work "Was Christ Born in Bethlehem?"; and (4) "The Cruise of the 'Ophir' in Norwegian and Arctic Seas, Iceland, and the Orkneys," by Mr. R. Banner Oakley, a handsome quarto in which the King of the Belgians is taking particular interest.

The second volume of the New Oxford edition of Burnet's "History of My Own Time," edited by Mr. Osmund Airy, which will be published immediately by the Clarendon Press, brings the narrative down to the death of Charles II. Mr. Henry Frowde also announces as ready for prompt publication a first attempt towards a complete history of rowing at Oxford. The writer is an old Blue, the Rev. W. E. Sherwood, who has taken the records as far as possible from official sources (the O.U.B.C. and College boating books), and where these fail from various journals and early diaries.

Messrs. Longmans have nearly ready in two quarto volumes an important Biblical work, "The Hexateuch according to the Revised Version." The Hexateuch is arranged by members of the Society of Historical Theology, Oxford, and edited with introduction, notes, marginal references and synoptical tables by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., and G. Harford Battersby, M.A. The first volume contains the introduction (in which the general reader may study a fascinating chapter of literary history which is illustrated in the text), and tabular appendices. The second volume is devoted to the text and notes. With the editors are associated Professor Cheyne and a number of other scholars who have won distinction in the domain of Hebraic theology

and literature. From Messrs. Longmans may be expected Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's book on the war; also (this in April) Mr. Weyman's new romance, "Sophia."

The Public Schools being so well represented in South Africa just now, Messrs. Bell's Handbooks on their history will attract special attention. The series is to begin immediately with a volume on "The Charterhouse," the school of Colonel Baden-Powell. The author is A. H. Tod, M.A. Messrs. Bell will publish shortly an entirely new edition of the late Mrs. Alfred Gatty's "Book of Sun-Dials," enlarged and re-edited by H. K. F. Eden and Eleanor Lloyd.

Mr. Richard Marsh is apparently going to tread in the footsteps of Messrs. Stead and Sheldon by a work entitled "The Second Coming." The book will be published by Mr. Grant Richards, who also announces a popular version of Mrs. Delany's Autobiography prepared and abridged by Mr. George Paston; and a volume of verse by Mrs. Arabella Shore.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will this week publish Dr. Barry's new novel "Arden Massiter." The same publisher also announces Mr. Louis Becke's first long novel "Edward Barry, South Sea Pearler." "Nursing Tommy Atkins in Natal" is the title chosen for her experiences in South Africa by Lady Sykes. The scope of the book which Mr. Unwin will issue is not, however, strictly covered by its title. Mr. Freemantle is preparing a translation of Chateaubriand's "Les Mémoires d'Outre Tombe" by Mr. de Mattos, also a new edition of Penn's "Fruits of Solitude" for which Mr. Gosse will write the introduction. To Mr. Elkin Mathews' Vigo Cabinet Series, Canon Skrine will contribute a volume of verse "The Queen's Highway" (a subject suggested by the war) and Mr. W. G. Hutchison a selection from Mr. Sydney Dobell's Crimean lyrics. Mr. Crockett's new novel "Joan of the Sword Hand" will be published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. Mr. J. G. Colmer has written an introduction to a book on British America which is about to be added to Messrs. Kegan Paul's Empire Series. The other contributors include Lord Strathcona, Mrs. Ernest Hart, and Dr. Emil Reich.

Mr. W. L. Courtney is writing a monograph on Thomas Hardy for Messrs. Greening's "English Writers of To-day." Mr. Lane has a novel in hand by Mr. W. S. Lilly which promises to combine fact with fiction after the manner of Dr. Israeli. The title of the book is "A Year of Life." Messrs. Cassell will publish Mr. Sutherland Edwards' "Personal Recollections." Messrs. Pearson announce a story, "Becky," by Miss Mathers, which bears upon South African affairs. Mr. Macqueen has ready for immediate publication Mr. Frank Barrett's new novel "Breaking the Shackles." "The Plunderers" is the title of a work of fiction by Mr. Morley Roberts which Messrs. Methuen are about to issue. Dr. Mivart's much-discussed novel "Castle and Manor" will be published by Messrs. Sands. "The Unchanging East," by Mr. Robert Barr, is among Messrs. Chatto and Windus' forthcoming books. Messrs. Harper this week publish a new volume by Mary E. Wilkins, entitled "The Love of Parson Lord." Yet another book on the stage—"The Stage as a Career"—is to appear; the author is Mr. P. G. Hubert, jun., and the publishers Messrs. Putnam.

Mrs. Caroline White, who was a resident at Hampstead early in the present century, has been engaged for many years on a work entitled "Sweet Hampstead and its Associations." The work will be fully illustrated by portraits and scenes from photographs and original drawings and will be issued to subscribers by Mr. Elliot Stock.

For This Week's Books see page 374.

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The period under review, save as regards a few special classes of manufacture, has not altered the favourable position in which German trade and industry stood at the beginning of the year. In fact, we may say that the activity to which we drew attention in earlier reports, and in the healthy and enduring character of which we have repeatedly expressed confidence, has since extended to branches of manufacture hitherto but little touched by the movement, for instance, the textile industry. Again, as regards coal and iron, and nearly all branches of the metal trade, it has become manifest that the immensely increased production is barely sufficient to satisfy the most pressing demands. So much is this the case, that any apprehensions of over-production are at present quite groundless.

The undoubted increase of national prosperity, in which all classes of our trading population share, has also opened the way to an expansion of German interests abroad and widened the spirit of enterprise. On the other hand, a considerable rise in the value of money has acted as a perhaps salutary check

on the development of the trade of the year. This rise, as far as Germany is concerned, can be traced partly to the monetary requirements of manufacturers, the enhanced prices of most raw materials, and the continued advance in wages, partly to the considerable demands which loans of German States, Corporations and Mortgage Institutions have made on the money market. Latterly an additional influence has revealed itself in the war in South Africa. However, no doubt, external factors have been equally at work in bringing about the almost unprecedented dearth of money, and among these must be mentioned the rise of discount rates on the western bourses the severe tightness of money in Russia and Roumania, where bad crops coincided with other difficulties, and the want of confidence thereby engendered. It should, however, be stated here that the withdrawal of foreign capital, attracted in ordinary times by the comparatively higher rates of interest ruling in Germany, was effected without unduly encroaching on the stock of gold of the Bank of Germany, although the simultaneous appreciation of some of the foreign exchanges undoubtedly presented an unsatisfactory feature. Nevertheless, it appears to us that the apprehensions entertained in some quarters with regard to the monetary outlook in Germany at the end of the year were exaggerated. For it must not be forgotten that German business has for years been growing in extent and value enormously, and that consequently the measure to be applied to the normal demand for money at the end of the quarter periods and at the end of the year has undergone a corresponding modification. As was to be expected, the stringency at the conclusion of the year has been followed rather quickly by comparative ease.

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Dividends Unpaid	671	
Pension Fund	65,025	
Profit	745,981	
	<u>£28,991,493</u>	

Cr.	ASSETS.	£
By Cash	1,106,690	
Bills Receivable	6,119,091	
Cash Balances with other Banks and Bankers	322,386	
Loans	3,702,030	
Government Securities, Railway and other Bonds and Shares	1,448,370	
Current Accounts	13,475,340	
Syndicates	1,966,648	
Bank Premises	632,327	
Adjustment of Branches	2,179	
Pension Fund Securities	65,832	
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PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT to DECEMBER 31st, 1899.

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To Current Expenses	182,959
Taxes	45,975
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Amount written off bad and doubtful debts	2,311
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